WINTER WARFARE: *FACTS AND MYTHS By Colonel T.*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY SEPTEMBER 9, 1941

THE MORALE OF THE ALLIED TROOPS

Claude Cockburn cables from London on the British soldier's impatience with inaction. A report from Moscow on how the Red Army built its morale.

PETAIN AND HIS PLUNDERBUND

The truth the censors cannot hide. By Conrad Vanves

THE TEACHERS MEET

A convention Rapp-Coudert won't like. By Jane Michaels

THE SOVIET LAWYER

How the USSR's legal profession works. By Dudley Collard

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NEW MASSES

WILL BROADCAST

a weekly

NEWS ANALYSIS

by

BRUCE MINTON

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MIKE QUIN is in town and has promised us a couple of articles about his West Coast locale. The author of *Dangerous Thoughts,* a collection of his witty, left-punch newspaper columns, will appear in next week's issue with a piece on the Sam Darcy case. Darcy, you will remember, is facing a possible fourteen years in San Quentin because of some "dangerous thoughts" on the benefits of labor organization, unemployed relief, and free ballots.

We ran into Mike at Bill and Sophie Gropper's big party for NM out at Croton-on-Hudson last Saturday night. Besides promising to write pieces, he was persuaded to make a speech to the guests. It was a fine party all around. People came from Manhattan, Westport, Conn., and from as far upstate as Phoenicia. It's fortunate the Groppers' lawn is equal to their hospitality; there were some 400 people moving around on it by ten o'clock and they stayed until well past midnight. Joe Brodsky made a swell master of ceremonies, Burl Ives sang with guitar, and Paul Villard did wonderful things with his accordion. Our profound thanks to all concerned, most especially the committee that did the work and Bill and Sophie, who donated not only the use of their home but a lot of elbow grease to the party's success.

Another Gropper performance that will interest you is his current exhibit at the National Maritime Union Building in New York. Titled "A History of A. Hitler by W. Gropper," the exhibit consists of forty anti-Adolph cartoons which have appeared in NM during the past several years. The NMU, in its announcement of the show, accurately described the cartoons: "They reveal that the artist understood the menace of Hitlerism to world peace and security from the time of the German fuehrer's accession to power in 1933 to the present day. They depict the folly of appeasement, the blindness of isolationism, and the contempt of the Axis powers for signed treaties." Of course that excerpt doesn't cover the artistry of the work—but imagine us trying to tell NM readers why Gropper cartoons are the best in America. To see these drawings in the original, go to the fourth floor of the NMU building, 126 Eleventh Ave., N. Y. C.

We are happy to announce the titles of the following articles which are part of NM's series on major aspects of Soviet life: "The Progress of Electrification," "Human Aspects of National and Industrial Planning," "Soviet Medical Theory," "The Organization of the Red Army," "Soviet Youth." The piece on Soviet lawyers in the current issue is part of this series of which the first two articles were on the Soviet family and the Soviet press.

From our file of readers' letters we select two, a for-and-agin' exhibit. "Agin'" finds fault with Adam Lapin's article in the last issue on "Our Army's Morale." "It is an informative piece, by some one whom I consider to be one of Washington's first rate correspondents," says the writer. "But I think it goes too far on the underside. Not long ago I visited my brother at an army camp and the soldiers I talked to were aware of what they were fighting for to an extent which certain brass hats couldn't really damage. I also noticed a lot of understanding and soldierly comradeship among the men, which partially offset the mistakes of some of the army command. I do agree, though, that it's a good thing to uncover undemocratic management of the army and all other evils, particularly imitations of Nazism."

The "for" letter is one of many we've had about Peter Farben's reminiscence of James Connolly, which this correspondent, A. R., considers "a beautiful combination of political and literary writing, and a fine blend of plain fact with personal warmth. It isn't easy," says our correspondent, "to work into the

very writing of an article something of the subject's own personality and yet, though I myself knew Connolly very slightly, felt that Mr. Farben had done this."

Our business office informs us that through Friday, September 5, reservations will still be accepted for NM's weekend at Chester's Zunbarg, which will begin Friday evening and close Sunday evening, September 7. One of the speakers during this weekend will be NM's editor Joseph North, who will discuss current national and world developments. His speech will be given Sunday morning. Other features will include a brand new revue by the American Youth Theater, an all-Soviet song recital by Stefan Kozakevich, and a program by Ruth Bluestone, ballet and theatrical dancer. Further details may be found on page 25.

Who's Who

MARIETTA SHAGINYAN is a Soviet novelist. . . . Conrad Vanves lived in France until a year ago. . . . Dudley Collard is an English authority on Soviet law. . . . Jane Michaels works for a New York newspaper. . . . Elizabeth Gurley Flynn is a member of the National Committee of the Communist Party. . . . Colonel T. is the pseudonym of a military expert.

THIS WEEK

NEW MASSES, VOL. XL, NO. 11

September 9, 1941

The Morale of the Allied Troops *by Claude Cockburn and Marietta Shaginyan* 3
Petain's Plunderbund *by Conrad Vanves* 6
Gropper's Cartoon 7
The Soviet Lawyer *by Dudley Collard* 9
Letters for a Soldier *by Ruth McKenney* 13
Inland American *by Elizabeth Gurley Flynn* 14
Winter Warfare: Facts and Myths *by Col. T.* 16
The Teachers Meet *by Jane Michaels* 18
Editorial Comment 20

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Business Before Safety *by Bruce Minton* 22
Pavlov's Testimony *by David Cosgrove* 24
Doubtful Conclusions *by Charles Humboldt* 24

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Jamming the Jam *by Elliott Grennard* 26
Tribute to Josh White *by Ben Wilkes* 29
Old Stuff *by Alvah Bessie* 30

Artwork by Glintenkamp, Hughes, Jamison, Michaels, Patri, Turnbull.

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NEW MASSES
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THE MORALE OF THE ALLIED TROOPS

Claude Cockburn writes that the British army is eager for offensive action. . . . Why the Red soldier is a courageous and brilliant fighter. How morale is built.

London (by cable).

WITH newspapers clamoring for the establishment of a second front somewhere, somehow, and the men and women in the British factories making big sacrifices in the interests of speeding production, the question of just what the Britisher in uniform—the man who will be doing the fighting on that second front—is thinking, comes sharply to the fore.

I suppose I know as many and as varied types of soldiers in this country as anyone; and certainly a great many more and much more about them than eighty percent of people who pretend to tell you what the British soldier is thinking and doing. Let us start by saying that the British army's offensive-fighting morale is higher than it has been at any time since before Dunkirk. In the last war there used to be a song which said "I have a pain in my morale, I have lost my nishiateeve." The British army of today has no pain in its morale and it has by no means lost its "nishiateeve." Quite the contrary. The morale and initiative of the men in the British army are such that they are giving a considerable headache to every Colonel Blimp and blunderer who would like to delay the establishment of the second front, and who would like to "conserve our forces" while the Red Army takes the big blow.

The British army—maybe the American army too—has a word for what it feels about the inaction of the moment. The word is "browned off" which means, in case the phrase is not yet familiar on your side, anything from disillusionment to fed up and bored to death. It was a soldier of my acquaintance who coined the phrase "It's better to be killed off than browned off." The phrase is now going the round of the camps. And that sums up the whole of one side of what the British army rank and file are thinking. It is not romantic and it is not particularly "heroic," for the prevailing mood of the British army is one of cold common sense. I don't need to repeat here the arguments which are familiar to everyone as to just why it is desirable that even big risks should be taken at the moment when so huge a proportion of the Nazi forces are engaged on the Eastern Front. The point is that these arguments are more vividly appreciated and supported in the army than anywhere else—which is saying a good deal. The army men have a special reason for their attitude in this matter, namely, that the sooner they are allowed to get on with the job, the sooner will they be out of the army. That is, after all, just what every ordinary conscript taken into this kind of army from his ordinary work wants. That is why the army men are above all violently impatient with all the delays in the creation of a second front and the excuses offered for them.

IF YOU WANT JUSTIFICATION for my statement that the morale of the British army is high, and higher than at any time since Dunkirk, you have only to consider the type of "grievances" most commonly voiced in the army today. For instance: the men of the British army want, of course, more pay. But it is a fact that if you talk to the soldiers—many of the men who were earning good pay according to British standards, at skilled jobs in engineering and steel trades before the war—you find that their pay demands are concentrated on two perfectly practical points. They want either better arrangements for feeding, rehousing when bombed, evacuation, etc., of their families, or else larger allowances to their dependents to enable them to meet these problems themselves. Secondly, they want a scale of pay and allowances which will make it possible for men from the ranks to accept commissions as junior officers. The men know that the officers who have risen directly from the ranks—men who before the war were probably skilled workers in factories and workshops—are the sort of officers they want. But they know equally well that, at present, the pay scales are still based on the ancient and characteristic British War Office assumption that an officer is "an officer and a gentleman"—meaning that he is somebody from a class which it is taken for granted always can provide its sons with adequate pocket money to supplement regular army pay. Only a few days ago we had here the fantastic spectacle of a titled gentleman writing to the London *Times* to suggest that all persons in Britain having in their possession family heirlooms of old lace should send as much of it as possible to a central depot, where skilled ladies of fashion would make up this lace into scarves and other similar articles of dress. These would then be shipped to New York, there sold, and the proceeds devoted to the charitable relief of the poverty-stricken families of junior officers. This plan, reminding one of nothing so much as the futile ingenuity of an educated horse in a circus, is pretty characteristic of the workings of some of the machinery of the British social setup. The idea that it might be even simpler to raise the pay of junior officers direct, is one which for several months has been engaging the attention of His Majesty's Treasury. In the meantime, we try to reach the same objective by selling old lace on Fifth Avenue. Do not imagine that the average soldier in the British army thinks any more highly of this way of doing things than you or I do.

You will see that these demands are above all practical demands concentrated on the achievement of a reasonable efficiency and a reasonable fairness in the way things are done. It is not a question of the soldiers, now getting the equivalent of approximately fifty cents per day, putting in for an immediate pay raise all around, but rather that they are thinking out obviously practical ways in which things can be improved.

STILL MORE SIGNIFICANT of the state of mind in the army is the fact that wherever you go you find that the majority of men put forward as a principal grievance—long before they come to the question of pay—the complaint that they are not getting enough training, or that too much time which could be spent in training for real modern battle is spent in old-fashioned drill and in polishing buttons or cleaning equipment. It is true that the War Office has issued orders against all this button polishing; it is equally true that in many commands there are officers who simply disregard the War Office instructions probably because they cannot conceive that anybody with dirty buttons can possibly know how to fight. There are also instances known to me of officers who, while perfectly aware of the futility of some of the occupations which they assign their men, quite openly admit that their intention is simply to keep the men occupied because "otherwise they get to discussing politics." The demand for more and more intensive training is, I believe, universal in the British army. Along with it goes, and this is of course characteristic of any army so largely composed of industrial workers, the demand that much more attention be paid to the question of fitting the man to the job and of seeing to it that men with particular knowledge, skill, or aptitude be given full scope for their talents. There are persistent complaints that men who could be of real value in this or that section of the new mechanized army are uselessly kept digging potatoes or scrubbing

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floors in camps where, it is claimed, they appear to have been forgotten by the authorities.

It would take too long to list in full the "grievances" of the British army. Moreover, to list them would give an entirely wrong impression of the real spirit of that army. I have chosen the two or three main points about which the army is talking, and sometimes talking very bitterly, because these are the points which in our soldiers' minds are more important than any others. This is an army of tough, hard-thinking men. A very high percentage of them are trade unionists. Compared with the army of the last world war, a very high percentage are active, militant unionists. These are men who feel themselves desperately irked by stupidity or inefficiency on the part of those set in authority over them. At the same time they are men who understand very well the facts of life and politics. They are men who know how to get things done. And they are men who at this moment are determined that nothing and nobody is going to stand in the way of the British army's playing its part in the struggle which these men, and above all the ablest and most militant among them, realize has now become a true war of the peoples against fascism.

CLAUDE COCKBURN.

They want to fight as well as play. . . . Black Star

★

Moscow (by cable).

THIRTY years ago in czarist Russia, if you had asked this writer, "What is the Russian army?" she would hardly have been able to reply. Between her, a mere civilian, and military circles was a wide gulf, a different outlook, a difference in education and in customs. More likely than not, she would try to recall everything she knew about the army, more from books than from life. In her mind would be a picture of drab, downtrodden soldiery, barracked far from the centers of cultural and social life. Then she would think of officers, hostile to the soldiers and divided into castes: humdrum, inconspicuous army officers and dashing guards. She would recall familiar pictures of what was known as "army life," garrisons stationed in remote provincial towns, officers' orderlies brutally exploited, privates standing as erect as rulers and saluting every twopenny, halfpenny superior; theaters, restaurants, and even private homes bearing a neatly lettered sign: "Dogs and privates not admitted."

Private—that was the name of a weather-beaten man with close-cropped hair, dressed in a soldier's uniform. He was never to be found at public gatherings or in theaters; soldiers and dogs weren't allowed there. To us Soviet writers it seems simply outlandish that there was a time when such an army actually existed. No dividing line separates our civilian population from Red Army men, and no differences estrange them. And if any of us Soviet writers were asked, "What is the Red Army?" we, too, would not reply at once. Not for any lack of knowledge and not because we would have to collect our thoughts, but because any reply to this question must necessarily express that all-embracing feeling that imbues every Soviet citizen. And to tell you of this feeling, to put it into so many words and make it understandable to the reader, one is required to say a great deal.

Our Red Army came into being together with our social system, grew up with it, went through all its stages, and today it is the embodiment of moral and organizational experience accumulated in twenty-four years of the Soviet Union's existence. That is why it is not so easy to describe our army in a few brief words. Therefore, before undertaking any definitions, let me give a few pen portraits of men who have left indelible impressions on my mind.

IN THE SPRING of 1927 I was living on the site of a huge hydro-power project in one of the canyons of Armenia. Our barrack town looked very much like a military camp, except that we civilians were fighting not only nature, but also fighting human elemental conservatism. And here it was a question of organization and education. Most of our workers were peasants who hailed from far off mountain villages. This was the first time they had seen work done on such a grand scale. They made no secret of their skepticism about the whole undertaking, and with typical peasant superstitions foretold that "It won't work."

The river was towered by a cliff strongly resembling a cat, and old peasants feared this mountain as an evil spirit. To make things worse, March produced an inordinately heavy snowfall, followed by a scorching spring. Avalanches of melting snow slid down mountains. The swift river, scene of all our efforts, swelled in no time, flooding not only part of our construction work, but our vital railway line, cutting off communications and supplies. In the barrack town there was no end of superstitious talk about this evil mountain-cat. Things looked bad. Something had to be done at once, both to the construction job and to people's minds. Aid was not long in coming. It came from a Red Army sapper battalion, stationed in a neighboring district. At first, all I saw was a well thought out plan, a division of manpower between two vital sections of the job. Then I saw work begin and, not exaggerating, in a few hours the dam was being restored, yawning gaps were filled in and covered by substantial plants and laid with rails. Later I stood at the tunnel entrance and watched the first engine pass over the newly laid tracks.

Late at night workers, engineers, and Red Army men got together in our combined club and dining room. There were about 400 of us altogether. An old peasant, one of those who always muttered about evil spirits, was sitting with a young Armenian sapper, and over a glass of wine and a plate of well peppered meat, they talked for hours. The old man couldn't read or write, but he possessed plenty of peasant shrewdness. The young Red Army man was literate, straightforward, and had just distinguished himself as a hard worker. They were father and son.

"Well, I am surprised," exclaimed the sapper, addressing everyone in the room as though he were speaking to his father. "Weren't you always complaining about the terrible smoke in our hut, and hasn't Mother all but broke

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her back hauling water up the hill from the spring? And now when we are building a power plant which will provide our home with electric light and water, all you do is talk about a mountain-cat." He kept on for about half an hour and there were plenty of eager listeners. It was obvious that this youngster, trained by the Red Army, had grown to be a conscious citizen and here at our dam he helped to bring genuine culture to workers. Naturally his speech would not have had the same effect if he hadn't shown himself at work and if he was not of their own folk, one of their fellow villagers. Nor would the old man even have listened to such harsh words from his own son, had he not seen how the lad had been changed by the Red Army and what a hero he was in the eyes of the other mountaineers. That was when all of us felt very profoundly that our Red Army is an army of working people, an army created not only for war, an army which is flesh of the flesh of our Soviet culture, an army of warriors for advanced and courageous culture.

And here is another incident. I think it was about two years ago, in the Moscow opera, that I sat in a box with a Red Army man and a Red Army commander. There was a gala performance in connection with one of our national art festivals. During the intermission only the three of us remained in the box and we were talking about music. The commander was Russian, a textile worker from one of the factory towns near Moscow. He wore a decoration for distinguished service. The Red Army man was a Uigurt, a representative of a tiny nationality, which under czardom was doomed to ignorance and physical extinction, but which now had its own culture and its own intelligentsia. He treated the commander to chocolate and told him about Uigurt music.

Now there was nothing new or extraordinary about a conversation between a Red Army man and a commander in a Bolshoi theater box, or about the Red Army man treating the commander to candy. But I remember czarist days, and I couldn't help pondering over this scene. We older people remember the crass inequality that marked relations between officers and privates in the czarist army, and the particularly disparaging attitude of czarist officers to any soldier of non-Russian nationality. They were called aliens, a word that has long since gone out of use. In the Red Army, representatives of hundreds of nationalities inhabiting our Union form one family and are trained in the school of comradeship. One can't even visualize anything resembling a disparaging attitude toward any other nationality or any other people; such things are unknown in the Red Army.

I've met hundreds of men who returned to their native villages after their term of service in the Red Army. They were always kind to the villagers, the best cultural force for work among the peasantry. They brought with them efficiency and organization, knowledge and a high degree of civic consciousness. What a vast difference between them and the unlucky czarist reservists one found in the old villages. They were always unwelcome because the czarist army had given them only a taste for liquor and a loathing for work.

Little by little we are gaining insight into the nature of Nazi soldiery which perfidiously invaded the Soviet Union. They are horrible and disgusting creatures, for the German High Command is corrupting millions of its people serving in the army by its special decrees encouraging "material interest in war," that is, encouraging plunder and violence. Our educated, disciplined Red Army man, conscious of his moral duty, with high and exacting moral criteria, with a sense of civic duty, accustomed to taking part in public life and in the management of the affairs of state, is faced at the front with a savage who prides himself on the fact that he "doesn't think, fuehrer thinks for him, doesn't know war aims because that is not his business."

And one more characteristic feature: German courage is always fortified by liquor. Our troops, much to their surprise, found that attacking German soldiers were dead drunk. Why do they want liquor at the front? To forget, forget that they are on foreign soil perfidiously attacked, that they are committing murder at every step and are themselves rushing into the jaws of death, to forget so as not to look death in the face but see it through a green haze of schnapps.

. . . They can play as well as fight. Sovfoto

A FEW DAYS AGO I met a Soviet tankman, a chap in his early twenties, who arrived in Moscow from the front to receive a decoration. He spoke to us writers and replied to our questions. We knew, as the entire countryside knew, that this roundfaced Ukrainian had just performed a feat of outstanding heroism. Singlehanded, he protected his tank against an assault of the enemy ten times stronger. For hours he battled with death.

"It must have been a terrible feeling. Surely you did not want to die?" someone asked. "No, it wasn't terrible," he replied. "In general there's no time to think of death, and like many others I noticed that when in a rare moment your thoughts do turn to death, you simply can't believe it. You understand, physically, mentally, your whole being revolts against this thought. You simply can't believe this is the end, and you look about and are sure that this is not the end." In other words, our Soviet fighter is urged on not by desire to forget, but by memory: he remembers what he is fighting for and those who are marching shoulder to shoulder with him. In his memory is a crystal clear picture of his people and himself as one of it. And this people is immortal. When any of us address Red Army audiences or write for military papers or visit army units, we regard it as a great honor, for among Red Army men we meet with the expression, as it were, of all that is best in our system. In the Old World they would say that we "mixed with the cream of society." Comradely friendship, noble, lofty sense of duty, and spirit of heroism—plain, simple heroism, not the publicity kind—force and confidence, clear understanding of their place in the fight for advanced human ideals, inspire us when we meet with the Red Army. We know our Red Army cannot but be victorious in battle, and in peacetime it can never be a parasite, for the Soviet Red Army is trained, reared, and created not only for struggle with enemies on our land, but for cultural struggle in any field of endeavor.

MARIETTA SHAGINYAN.

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PETAIN AND HIS PLUNDERBUND

Who is this Nazi agent Darlan? The cliques that brought disaster. How they collaborate with Berlin. The cost of collaboration. The power of the underground.

Lisbon (by mail).

THE betrayal of France by her brass hats has been a tradition for the past century and a half. And today France has as her heads a Marshal and an admiral who are handing the country over bodily to her Nazi executioners. It is not generally known that in all the months since the armistice with Germany, the Petain-Darlan government has not yet dared to announce to the French people that Hitler has annexed Alsace-Lorraine and made it part of the Reich. They are silent because to make public this fact might seriously compromise their policy of collaboration. They are also silent about the agreements through which the country is being plundered. Not only must the mills and factories in occupied and "free" France operate for the German war machine but, in addition, the German industrial barons have simply appropriated, without a penny in payment, most of the important industrial units. On March 1, 1941, the German mining companies, the Krupps, Goerings, Flicks, Klockners, Rochlings, took possession of all the iron and steel works, with an annual production of 3,000,000 tons of iron and more than 3,000,000 tons of steel, in eastern France.

The man behind this thievery is Rochling, the German industrialist whom Hitler appointed controller for iron and steel in Lorraine, Maas, and the Moselle. His own smelting plants are in the Saar territory rich in coal, while a few miles away, in Lorraine, is extracted the ore which Rochling needs for his iron production. In the first world war it was reported that Rochling stole the equipment of entire plants from France to be installed at his own works in Volklingen. Nor did his early alliance with Hitler prevent Rochling from continuing to ship armor plate for French battleships until late in the thirties. The then *Chef de Cabinet* in the Ministry of Marine, Jean Darlan, handled some of the correspondence with the Paris representatives of the Rochling interests. Today, under Rochling's orders and in agreement with this same Darlan, raw materials and machinery have been routed to Germany, while in the French factories German supervisors are in charge. And where factories have not been directly appropriated or dismantled, they are run for the Nazi overlords at the expense of the French people. This, in the jargon of Petain, is "economic collaboration."

Who is this Nazi agent Darlan? The control of the entire French state apparatus is virtually in his hands. He is assistant chief of state, minister of foreign affairs, minister of the interior, minister of the navy and merchant marine, and airways minister. During the Norwegian campaign and before the defeat of the French armies, he was placed under the orders of a British fleet commander. This only fed his already bitter anti-British feeling, which was long a tradition of his seagoing family. Darlan is another Laval in uniform. During the war Darlan was in contact with Laval. Everything he told Laval was passed on to Axis headquarters within twenty-four hours. He has always been hysterically anti-Soviet, even when an alliance with the USSR could have saved France from disgrace.

NOW he and Petain have brought a "new order" to France—an order of catastrophe and shame. Both of these brutal men are constantly proclaiming that Germany is making it possible for French industry to continue. But what they are afraid to say is that the French people are paying for these Hitler orders. Every day 400,000,000 francs, annually 146,000,000,000, must be paid to the Nazis in Paris. And part of this amount is used by the Germans to buy up the output of French industry. To these 146,000,000,000 francs 37,000,000,000 must be added for "liquidation of the tasks arising from hostilities"; and, finally, 97,000,000,000 out of the regular budget, to make a total of 280,000,000,000. Against this figure stands that of the 68,000,000,000 estimated income for 1941. Thus 212,000,000,000, over three-quarters of the budget, remains uncovered. How shall the Hitler puppets in Vichy manage? By loans from the Bank of France and by setting the printing machines to work running off paper money. In May 1939 paper money in circulation amounted to 123,000,000,000 francs, in June 1940, 160,000,000,000, December 1940, 218,000,000,000. Since then Vichy has withheld publication of the figures. A further rise in paper money—from 55,000,000,000 to 60,000,000,000 francs—may be expected. And this leap in paper money is not accompanied by any corresponding expansion in industrial production. The result is the appearance of alarming signs of inflation, in particular the constant advance in prices of consumption goods and food (when they are obtainable), which is now 100 percent over the high levels of June 1940.

Surrender of Alsace-Lorraine, of French industry, enslavement of the French people to Hitler, intended surrender of the fleet and of the African bases, inflation, and finally surrender of portions of the crops and livestock to the Nazis—these form the foundation of the Petain-Darlan "new order."

What are the social forces behind these policies? Numerically they are extremely small. Among them is the clique who see their dream of a military dictatorship finally achieved, though it be dictatorship under the heel of the Germans. There is the Catholic hierarchy, who in the past year have been given privileges in the schools and public life which in the past were denied them under the separation of church and state. Then finally, there is a group of capitalists who are satisfied with the crumbs of profit which fall to them from the German table. Among others in this group is Pucheux, banker and industrial tycoon, who this summer replaced Belin as minister of economy. Belin, incidentally, was spokesmen of the anti-Communist wing of the French trade unions and was awarded a government post to symbolize "the Marshal's unity with French labor." Now he, too, has been junked.

Other details would only confirm why the overwhelming majority of the French people are against the Vichy government—a government kept aloft on the point of German bayonets. This is an awkward position indeed, involving on the average of a change a month either by replacements or shifts in the major posts of the dictator Marshal's government. The workers, deprived of every right to organize and, therefore of every possibility of improving their greatly depressed real wages, are solidly opposed to the government. The peasantry, that French peasantry so proud of its independence, is subjected to the same economic treatment as the peasants in Germany. And they reply by not cultivating their crops and by slaughtering their cattle. The middle classes—artisans without the necessary raw materials, small retailers without merchandise, teachers whose pacifist traditions make them natural opponents of the regime—all these are bitter against the Vichy rulers. Among the artists and scientists, whose works have borne the good name of France throughout the world, not one of them who is worth his salt has raised his voice for Petain. Either they have left the country or gone away to the countryside where they refrain from expressing themselves. And who knows how many of them work in the underground.

The underground struggle is carried on first and foremost by the Communists. As is well known, *Humanite* continues to appear despite the bans, both in occupied and unoccupied France. In Paris, as a matter of fact, *Humanite* appears in different issues in the different *arrondissements*. In the larger cities of unoccupied France, Marseilles, Toulouse, and Lyons, where walls are covered with chalk scrawls attacking the government, fresh issues of *Humanite* appear every other week. With authorized newspapers limited to two sides of a sheet and all of them as much alike as peas in a pod, it is understandable why the mimeographed editions of *Humanite* are simply gobbled up by a news-hungry people. Then there are the brief news letters which are distributed everywhere. This writer, who has had access to almost the entire underground literature of France, has seen no evidence of activity on the part of the former Socialist Party leadership. One section of its deputies and higher functionaries, though not the rank and file, under the leadership of the party's onetime Secretary General Paul Faure, ha gone over to Petain bag and baggage. In re turn, some of them have received permissio to continue their publications and start nev

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ones. In Toulouse, for example, former Socialist deputies and editors are putting out *Le Midi Socialiste*. But the word "Socialist", has since been eliminated; and its policy is naturally pro-Petain and anti-Semitic. The same is true of the paper edited by Paul Rivet. The other group of Socialist leaders are suffering a severe case of doldrums and have lapsed into complete inactivity. Nothing can better exemplify their attitude than the statement made to me early in May by a labor leader close to this group: "I am marking time while waiting for better days."

Never has the prestige and authority of the French Communists been as great as it is today. Because now it is plain to all that the Communists were perfectly right in demanding an alliance with the Soviet Union to safeguard French independence; in attacking those traitors who, while heading the government, circumvented the alliance and started their war in the fall of 1939 by muzzling the people with a ban on the Communist Party, as well as the country's militant trade unions. Because French Communists from the beginning protested the Versailles Treaty and the occupation of the Ruhr, underground France now raises its voice against this Nazi-imposed Versailles in reverse, which is a thousandfold worse than Versailles itself. *Humanite* summons all Frenchmen who love their country to resist the Nazi plunderers and their Vichy flunkeys.

In their fight against Hitler and his French supporters, the Communists, who have their organizations in every city despite bloodthirsty persecutions, meet together with De Gaullists; for De Gaulle has followers among the military, the petty bourgeoisie, and the middle-class youth. However, where the De Gaulle party sometimes goes to the other extreme in its nationalist fervor, the Communists espouse a broad internationalism. Their idea is that the German people and the German army comprise every social element, immense numbers of whom have no desire other than immediate peace. Intensive propaganda is being carried on among the German army of occupation. It points out that Hitler's wars cannot benefit the German people, but only a handful of industrialists, and can only spell misery and misfortune for Germany as a whole. This agitation is having telling effects, so that the German General Staff has had to keep shifting its units of occupation.

Effective opposition is developing throughout the land. *Humanite's* suggestions and directions for organizing this resistance have borne fruit in demonstrations against the food shortage, gatherings of stormy crowds of women in and about the prefectures, mass slaughter of cattle by the peasants, and the sale of produce direct to consumers, notwithstanding government orders to the contrary. Factories have witnessed a strike movement for higher wages, which in the Renault plant in Paris and the powder works at Toulouse brought on extensive stoppage. Widespread sabotage in the factories, the burning and derailment of trains carrying freight for German troops, the boldness with which young Frenchmen in occupied and unoccupied France join up with De Gaulle—these are the thousand and one indications which show that the spirit of the French is mounting daily.

With the keenest interest millions keep glued to their radios to hear London and Moscow, gaining fresh courage from reports of the heroism of the Red Army and the fearful losses in the Nazi ranks. France has been galvanized. Frenchmen know that now that German forces of occupation are being thinned in order to strengthen their lines in the East, the moment is at hand when France must throw off her bonds. CONRAD VANVES.

The "Ill Wind" Blows . . .

LATEST Vichy reports continue to indicate the dismay of Marshal Petain in his attempts to bolster his crumbling regime. The picture of France, 1941 that the world is piecing together, is reminiscent of France, 1789. Marshal Petain's radio address of August 12—"The only authority is that which I entrust or delegate"—a modern version of *"L'etat, c'est moi"*—fell upon deaf ears. His appointment of Admiral Darlan to quell the turbulence in the country by draconic measures, has failed to achieve results.

Marcel Deat, Cabinet minister, who excoriated the French people in *Oeuvre* for their "singular lack of understanding" was struck down by the young De Gaullist Paul Colette. The infamous Pierre Laval, who demanded ten percent of all public transactions in which he was involved, fell with Deat. Colette's pistol shots are, however, the more spectacular indications of the people's boiling anger. Every day, quietly but tirelessly, they sabotage and cripple Vichy's program for full collaboration with Berlin. Despite General Stolpnagle's threat to shoot ten Frenchmen for every Nazi waylaid, the invader is feeling the wrath of the populace. "French soil," Maurice Thorez, Communist leader, broadcast recently over an underground radio, "is beginning to burn under the feet of the occupationists." His statement, of transcendent importance to all Frenchmen and to the world generally, provides us with many more instances of the rebelliousness Conrad Vanves describes in this issue.

It is obvious that Petain has lost whatever mass support his threadbare World War uniform brought him. Even the French Chamber of Deputies dares challenge his authority. Last week the Parliament constituted itself a formal opposition to the Vichy government, protesting a decree that the deputies and senators leave the capital. Edouard Herriot, president of the Chamber of Deputies, and Jules Jeannenny, senate president, felt sufficient popular support to dare affix their signatures to the formal protest. Learning, as Louis XVI did before him, that the French people will not submit to bayonet rule, Marshal Petain is seeking a mass base for his policies. He has converted by decree the French Legion, an association of war veterans, into an organization to support the Vichy regime. He plans a sort of Gallic version of the Brown Shirts. Observers, however, reported that the members of the legion, 10,000 of whom passed in review in the Vichy stadium, are in poor physical condition, most of them over forty. According to the United Press, few veterans of the 1940 campaign marched in the demonstration. And no wonder. Knowing well the measure of the marshal's perfidy, they form part of the secret army that hounds the Nazi occupationists. Thorez cited many instances: Hitler's attack upon the Soviet Union initiated an upsurge in the struggle of the people. Strikes have flared up in the industries about Paris; production at the Gnom and Rhone Aircraft Plant fell by fifty percent; miners demonstrated in Pas de Calais; a gasoline depot was burned in Toulouse; a German troop train went over the embankment in Epigney sur Seine; a munitions dump exploded in Versailles. The fishermen of Berck, noting that a large part of the Nazi garrison had left for the Eastern Front, raided the remaining troops and killed twenty-five Nazi soldiers.

Great sympathy for the Soviet Union is manifest everywhere, Thorez said. In Lyons a daily newspaper was suppressed for its favorable opinions about the Red Army; in Rouen four people were shot for circulating a text of the Anglo-Soviet agreement.

Citing the magnificent Soviet resistance, the Communist leader said, "We are afforded the only and never-to-be-repeated opportunity for elevating this movement of resistance to a higher plane, of converting it into a war for France's national liberation." He pleaded for full cooperation of all Frenchmen, regardless of party or religious affiliation, to oust the invader. The Communists, he said, will support any government that will put up an effective resistance to the invaders and wage a battle for the liberation of France. He told how Communists and De Gaullists are working together for that goal.

America, which still recognizes traitorous Vichy and permits its embassy here to serve as a center of espionage for Berlin, may well reconsider its policy in light of all these facts. And likewise the British, casting about for the creation of another front. The time is ripe, the sons of the Marseillaise are waiting.

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THE SOVIET LAWYER

The responsibilities of the legal profession in the USSR. Who gets the fees? Dudley Collard, noted authority, describes how the courts work. One of a series on Soviet life.

THE objects of the administration of justice in the USSR are to protect the socialist organization of society and to ensure that the individual citizen enjoys his constitutional and other legal rights. All who are connected with the administration of justice—judges, magistrates, the Public Prosecutor's Department, and the bar—play a part in achieving these objects.

It will be generally agreed that a lawyer upon whom the court can rely, and who is able and willing fearlessly to uphold the legitimate interests of his client and to present to the court the facts from his client's point of view, may considerably assist in the administration of justice. It is, moreover, quite essential, if a lawyer is to perform this task honorably and well, that he should be a member of an independent profession.

This view of the role of the bar has been adopted in the Soviet Union. The profession, which enjoys the complete confidence of the Soviet public, is autonomous and independent. It is itself responsible for the admission and disbarment of its members and for the observance of professional etiquette. It is not subject to any form of control by the courts or judges, the Public Prosecutor's Department, the police, or the local authorities. It is subject only to the general supervision and guidance of the People's Commissariat of Justice, which corresponds roughly to the Department of Justice which is to be found in most countries.

Since the Soviet Union is a multi-national (and federal) state, and since court proceedings are invariably conducted in the local language, there are separate bars for every district, region, and autonomous republic into which the larger republics are divided and for those smaller republics such as Armenia and Turkmenistan.

The governing body of each bar is the general meeting of all members, which must be held at least every six months. Every two years the general meeting elects from among its members (all of whom are equally eligible) an Executive Council and a committee of auditors of such numbers as it thinks appropriate. In the city of Moscow, for example, where there are 1,000 lawyers, the Executive Council consists of thirteen members. The Executive Council elects its own chairman, vice-chairman, and secretary.

One of the functions of the Executive Council is the admission of new members, subject, if admission is refused, to an appeal to the People's Commissariat of Justice for the republic concerned, and thence to the Commissariat of Justice for the USSR. There are three alternative qualifications for admission:

(1) a university degree in law; (2) a course at a technical school in law (for those aged from fifteen to nineteen, followed by a year's practical work as a judge, public prosecutor, or examining magistrate; or (3) three years' practical experience as a judge, public prosecutor, or examining magistrate.

In 1937, since which time the figures have undoubtedly altered considerably, there were 6,000 lawyers in the USSR, of whom 3,200 (or fifty-three percent) possessed a degree in law. Of these 1,750 (or 29.14 percent) had qualified before the Revolution, and 1,450 (or 24.14 percent) had Soviet degrees. There were 1,105 lawyers (18.42 percent) who had attended a technical school, and 1,695 (28.25 percent) who had had no legal training but merely practical experience.

In accordance with Soviet policy toward women, and women's constitutional rights to equality under Article 122 of the Constitution, no obstacle is placed in the way of women practicing law. At the City of Moscow bar, sixteen percent of the members are women.

In some outlying districts, where no bar yet exists, the People's Commissariat of Justice may license individuals with a University degree to practice as lawyers.

IN ADDITION to admitting new lawyers, the Executive Council is responsible for seeing to the suitable distribution of lawyers in all the centers of population within its area where a people's court exists. For this purpose it sees that central law offices are established in all towns of any size, and that all offices include experts in various branches of the law and receive a regular flow of new recruits. The newly admitted lawyer thus enjoys a right to be established where he can immediately start practicing, and, as will be seen later, he will at once earn an income upon which he can live.

Until recently a lawyer could decide for himself whether he joined a law office or practiced on his own account; but lawyers have come to find collective practice more congenial and a law passed in August 1939 gives recognition to this fact. Now lawyers do not practice individually except in districts where there is not enough work to justify the establishment of an office. For example, in the province of Moscow (exclusive of the city) there is one office attached to the provincial court, and the remaining 200 members of the Moscow province bar practice individually in the fifty-six districts of the province. This individual practice by a member of the bar in a country town within the area of an existing bar should be distinguished from the individual practice of a person licensed by the Commissariat of Justice to practice in regions so remote that no bar yet exists there at all.

Each law office is in charge of a senior lawyer appointed by the Executive Council. If there are fifteen or more lawyers in an office, the senior does not himself practice in court, but is paid a fulltime salary by the council; in other cases he continues to practice and is paid a part-time salary for his work as director. It is his duty to see that work is evenly distributed among his colleagues, having regard to their skill and experience, to supervise the way they handle their work, and to fix, subject to the limits laid down by the scale of fees, the amount of the fee to be asked of the client. The senior will try to interview every client who comes to his office before passing the latter on to one of his colleagues.

The client is entitled to ask for the services of a particular lawyer who is known to him, or, if he does not desire to choose, he may leave the choice in the hands of the director. This system tempted some lawyers to try to increase their earnings by inducing clients to make personal requests for their services, accepting more work than they could reasonably undertake, and then getting their colleagues to handle their cases for them. In consequence, the People's Commissariat of

C. Hughes

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Justice issued instructions in May 1938 forbidding this practice and requiring the senior of the office to select a substitute in cases where the lawyer chosen was unable to act. Further, all cases where a lawyer has been personally chosen must be included in determining the share of work to be distributed to him, so that no lawyer is overloaded with work.

The lawyer does not, if he is a member of a law office, receive a fee direct from his client. Each law office has a treasurer, to whom all fees are paid. Out of the common fund are paid the expenses for the upkeep of the office, including a contribution toward the training of students. The total deductions from the fund must not exceed thirty percent, the proportion being fixed at a general meeting of the bar and being applicable to all offices in the district. The remaining seventy percent or more of the offices' income is distributed from time to time among all members. They do not receive equal shares, but agree among themselves on the proper proportions, taking into consideration the number and difficulty of the cases they have handled, and their skill and experience. Even the most junior member of an office is entitled to such a share as will enable him to live; and, subject to the strict observance of the prescribed scale of fees, there is no limit to the possible earnings of a busy office.

Those lawyers who practice on their own account in districts where there are no offices must, of course, settle the fee directly with their client and receive it from him; but they are required by law to keep very strict accounts of all fees paid to them, and their books are liable to inspection at any time by members of the Executive Council, whose duty it is to ensure that no lawyer is guilty of overcharging his clients.

In every law office, as in every other Soviet institution, a complaint book is kept at the disposal of clients.

THE SOVIET lawyer does not regard his profession merely as a means for making money; nor does he consider the specialized knowledge which he has spent much time and trouble in acquiring as a commodity on which he has any monopoly or which he is entitled to sell to the public at whatever price it will command. He looks upon his training and experience as imposing responsibilities upon him and as providing opportunities for performing a highly valuable social service to the community. So far from desiring to keep the law in a state of obscurity, in which he would be able to exploit his special knowledge of it, he considers it his duty to help the public to understand the law and the reasons for it. So far from conniving in the use of the law to oppress those who are ignorant or weak, he considers it his duty to assist the court in protecting the rights of the individual Soviet citizen against any encroachment, and to take a leading part in stamping out any manifestations of a bureaucratic attitude on the part of officialdom. So far from doing his best to outwit his colleagues, he considers it his duty to help them improve the standard of the services which they render, for the honor of the legal profession. In short, the Soviet lawyer regards it as the social function of the bar to see that the wheels of the social machinery run smoothly. Conscious of his own useful and constructive role in society, he must find much personal happiness in maintaining the highest standard of conduct.

It is a logical consequence of this conception of the lawyer's role in society that his knowledge should be freely at the disposal of the public. The Soviet bar has therefore made the rule that any member of the public is entitled at any time, without being obliged to pay any fee, to drop into any lawyer's office and pick his brains. The lawyer is bound to supply any available information and give any suitable advice which he can, and he must make no charge for his services. It is only where he has some real work to do before he can advise, such as complicated research or the prolonged study of documents, that he is entitled to ask for a fee.

An illustration of the strict interpretation of this rule was the recent case of lawyer Borisoff. He was consulted by a Mrs. Torzhne about the rude behavior of certain customs officials toward her. After hearing what she had to say, he advised her that her best course was to have the matter investigated by the Commission of Soviet Control, the address of which he gave her. For this advice he charged her the modest fee of five rubles. When the commission learned from Mrs. Torzhne that she had paid a fee for this advice, they reported the matter to the Executive Council of the City of Moscow Bar. The Executive Council decided that Borisoff acted wrongly in accepting a fee, but in view of his inexperience they confined themselves to drawing his attention to the matter and ordering the fee to be returned.

A lawyer can, in any case, waive his fees altogether if he considers that the financial position of his client justifies such a course, or if he is acting for a friend or relative. Moreover, there are cases in which the Soviet lawyer is bound by law to act for nothing.

ARTICLE III of the Soviet Constitution has recognized the valuable role played by the Soviet bar in the administration of justice, by providing that every Soviet citizen who is accused of a criminal offense is entitled to be represented by counsel. And this is not a formal empty right, sounding well in a Constitution but ignored in practice. It is put into practical operation throughout the length and breadth of the Soviet Union. This is the procedure. At the preliminary hearing of a criminal charge the court inquires of the accused whether he has secured counsel to defend him. If he has not, the court at once sends a request to the Executive Council of the local bar for counsel to be nominated for the defense, unless the accused expresses a wish to defend himself. By a decree of the Commissariat of Justice of December 1937, counsel must be nominated at least three full days before the date of the trial, or five full days if counsel has to make a journey to interview his client. Such nominations must be distributed evenly among all members of the bar, the more difficult cases being entrusted to the more experienced lawyers. No lawyer is entitled to refuse nomination on any grounds whatever short of physical inability to act. At the conclusion of the case the court inquires into the defendant's means, and may order him, if his means warrant it, to pay a fee to his counsel, or may release him from paying any fee, in which case the lawyer does not receive any remuneration for the case.

In civil cases, also, lawyers must sometimes act without fee. Since the rules provide for the payment of fees in advance, and thus effectively exclude any speculation by lawyers on the result of a case, it is necessary to make provision for those would-be plaintiffs who have suffered some wrong which has deprived them of their livelihood. A scale of fees lays down therefore that lawyers must act without charge for the plaintiff in all cases where a wife has been deserted by her husband and makes a claim for maintenance against him; where a mother makes a claim against the putative father of her child; and where a workman makes a claim for damages for personal injuries sustained at work. Further, a lawyer must draft on request and without charge a claim for a disability pension or allowance. A lawyer must also act without charge in drafting written documents for members of the Red Army or Red Navy.

Some idea of the proportion of the work which Soviet lawyers perform free may be gained from the report of the chairman of the Executive Council to the City of Moscow Bar in December 1939. During the year 1,104 Moscow lawyers gave legal assistance to 272,000 persons. This represents one person in twelve of the population, and an average for each lawyer of 272 cases, or approximately one every working day. This assistance was in the form of advice in 160,000 cases, of which 40,000 or one-quarter, were free of charge; 60,000 cases were conducted in court, of which 5,500, or nine percent, were free of charge.

One of the best-conducted law offices is that at Chougueff, near Kharkov, of which sixty-year-old M. I. Krim, a pre-Revolutionary lawyer with a fine record of service to the working class, is director. Among their clients are twelve collective farms, which they regularly visit to give assistance and advice free of charge, asking for a fee only when court proceedings are involved. They also concluded a patronage agreement with one collective farm, whereby they see to all the farm's legal business without charge and conduct regular talks at the farm on current legal topics. All members of this office are active in the social life of their town. They serve on the town soviet and write regularly for the local press. So highly was their work thought of by the Kharkov Ba

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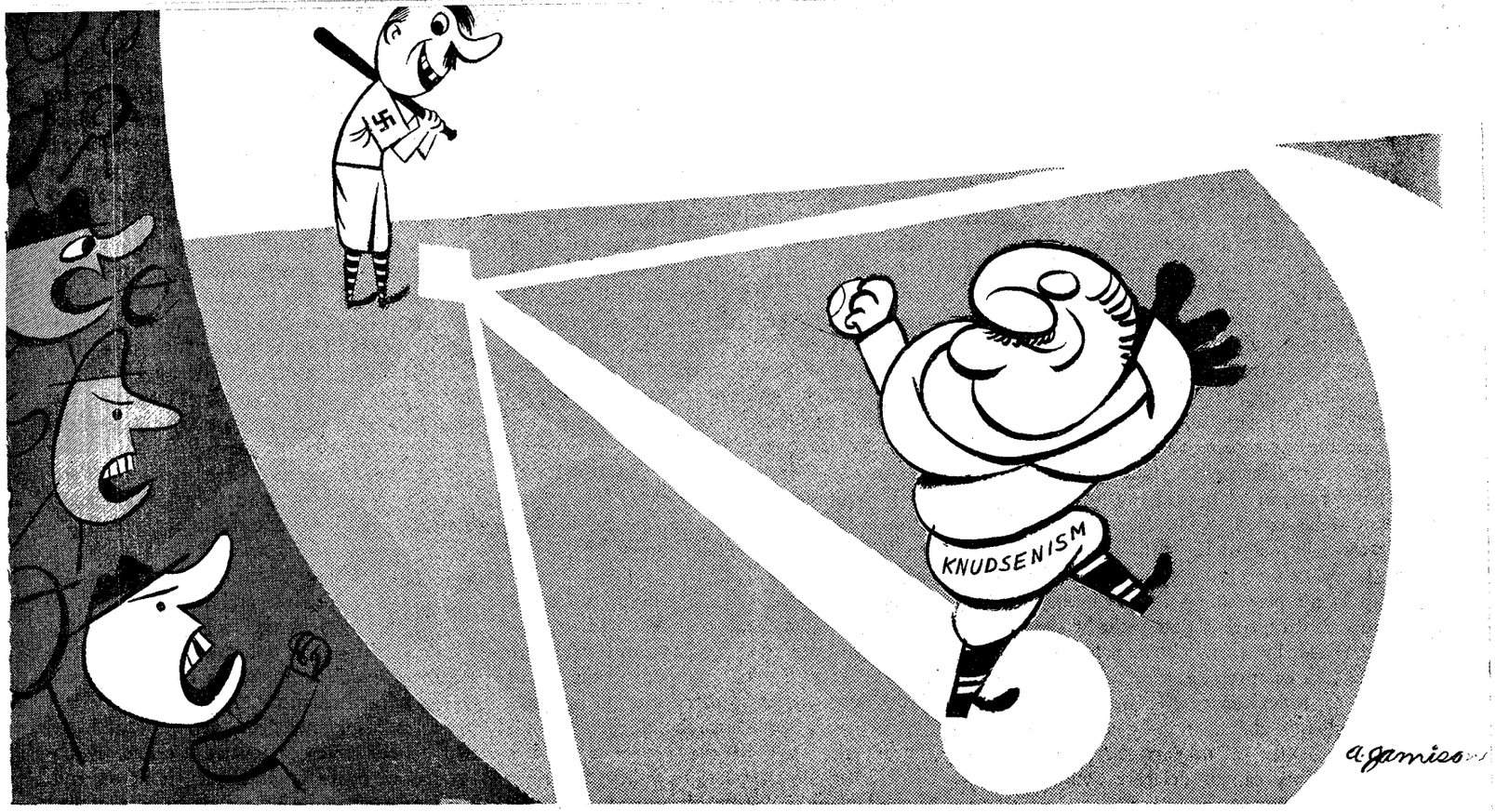

A. Jamison

"Throw him out! We'll never win with that pitcher!"

Council, that they were awarded a premium of 500 rubles and a gift of books. When an account of the work of these chambers appeared in *Sovietskaya Justitsia,* organ of the Commissariat of Justice, lawyers wrote from distant parts of the USSR asking Mr. Krim for further details so that they could follow his example.

The Soviet lawyer does not consider that giving his services free in appropriate cases exhausts his social responsibilities. He is anxious that the public should have a clear grasp of the law, an understanding of its aims and of the rights and duties which it imposes, and a confidence in the administration of justice which only familiarity can give.

In his spare time, therefore, he gives lectures on the law to factories, clubs, and offices, and writes articles on the law for the local press. Members of the Moscow bar attended regularly at the Agricultural Exhibition to give courses of lectures on agricultural law. They also gave lectures on military law at Red Army recruiting stations. During the electoral campaign of 1939 there was a regular panel of more than 100 lawyers organized in Moscow to give information on electoral law at election centers. Women lawyers attach themselves voluntarily to maternity clinics to advise deserted mothers. In Leningrad, lawyers take it in turn to sit in the complaints office of the Commission of Soviet Control to take up cases which require legal assistance.

A young woman lawyer at Kharkov, Miss Dennenbourg, has made a practice of voluntarily being at the central railway station at a regular time each day, for the purpose of advising the newly called-up recruits who pass through the station in large numbers. She gives them advice on winding up their affairs, sees that they have received all wages due to them and that they have disposed of their rooms, undertakes to look after their affairs in their absence, and gives them talks on their legal rights and duties as soldiers.

It should not be thought that these activities are obligatory on the Soviet lawyer. He can please himself whether or not he undertakes them. It is, however, the duty of the Executive Council to see that opportunities for social work are available; and such is the high sense of responsibility that the Soviet lawyer feels toward his profession that he is nearly always anxious to undertake it.

These duties to the public could not be undertaken efficiently unless the Soviet bar were zealous in improving its own qualifications. This is achieved in several interesting ways.

COMPETITION among lawyers is no new thing. But quite a novel conception is the socialist emulation practiced at the Soviet bar. It consists of a challenge made by one lawyer to another, in which he undertakes, as a matter of honor, over a period of six months or a year, to perform certain obligations, and challenges his colleague to do as well or better. For example, he may undertake always to prepare his cases thoroughly; never to be late in court; to give fifteen free consultations in factories; to write three legal articles for the press; to attend a course of lectures on the law; to give a series of lectures on legal topics; to assist the junior members of his office to improve their work; and to study some political subject. When the period is up, both lawyers compare notes to see who has had the satisfaction of winning. No prizes are offered.

Another interesting idea is the "production conference," an idea copied from industry. All members of an office hold a periodical meeting, at which constructive criticism is offered of the quality of the work of each member of the office. They discuss and analyze the mistakes which they may have made in the course of their practice, whether in giving bad advice to their clients, in taking a wrong step in procedure or in addressing a fallacious argument to the court. They review the style and quality of each member's work; and they discuss the steps which must be taken to improve and to avoid mistakes in the future.

The Executive Council, also, constantly strives to improve the technical standards of the members of the bar by providing university training for those who have not had it, and post-graduate courses for those who have.

Lawyers are keenly interested in political studies. In the first three months of 1939 the City of Moscow Bar Council organized a course of twenty-four lectures on the *History of the Communist Party,* which was attended by three-quarters of the membership of the Moscow bar. In 1939 the Moscow Province Bar spent 109,000 rubles on the political education of its members. About twenty percent of the Moscow City Bar are members either of the Communist Party or of the Young Communist League.

Lawyers in the Soviet Union do not possess—and have no desire to possess—all the

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very wide privileges accorded to their colleagues in other countries. They are, for example, responsible to their clients if they are guilty of negligence in the handling of a case. They do not enjoy absolute privilege, but only qualified privilege, in regard to slanders spoken by them in court. This means that a lawyer can be sued for damages for slander if it can be proved that he deliberately made malicious statements in court which had no relevance to the proceedings.

Lawyers have no exclusive right of audience. Any litigant may, if he prefers, conduct his own case, and he may apply to the court for leave to be represented by a friend who is not a lawyer. A trade union organizer may appear, in labor cases, on behalf of members of his union. A corporation may be represented by one of its officials.

Lawyers have general authority to take any step in the proceedings in which they are instructed, except that they must be specifically authorized by their client before they can agree to a compromise, a reference to arbitration, or a waiver of the whole or part of their client's claim, or make an admission or receive money or property on their client's behalf. They cannot delegate their authority to another lawyer.

Some idea of the standard of professional conduct expected from a Soviet lawyer may be gained from the account of the disciplinary measures taken recently by the Moscow Bar Council.

It should be explained that an Executive Council is entitled, subject in all cases to an appeal to the Commissariat of Justice for the republic concerned, and thence to the Commissariat of Justice for the whole Union, to take the following disciplinary measures against members of the bar for breaches of professional etiquette, in ascending order of gravity: a warning, a censure, a severe censure, suspension from practice for a period not exceeding six months, and disbarment. Complaints against lawyers must be made within one year, and disposed of within one month.

The Moscow Bar Council investigated 156 charges against lawyers. In 113 cases it held that no case had been made out against the lawyer concerned. Most of these were unfounded charges made, as is not uncommon, by disappointed clients against their lawyers, and some were made by judges who had been quite correctly rebuked by the lawyer concerned for some illegality in procedure. In the remaining forty-three cases the council took action. It disbarred five lawyers, suspended three, severely censured three, censured two, warned three, and drew the attention of the remaining twenty-seven to the impropriety of their conduct.

Of the forty-three charges proved against lawyers, twenty-eight were connected with the way in which professional duties had been handled. These included lateness at court, a discourteous attitude toward the court, slovenliness and negligence in their work, bringing frivolous actions and giving careless advice. The Soviet bar takes the view that a lawyer who has proved himself grossly incompetent professionally and unable or unwilling to take the trouble to improve his qualifications should no more be permitted to continue practicing than a surgeon would be in similar circumstances. The other charges included two cases of appearance in public (not, be it noted, in connection with professional duties) in an intoxicated state; cases of immorality, abuse of prison regulations during interviews with prisoners, slander, and the like. The Soviet lawyer's private life is expected to be such as not to give rise to any public scandals.

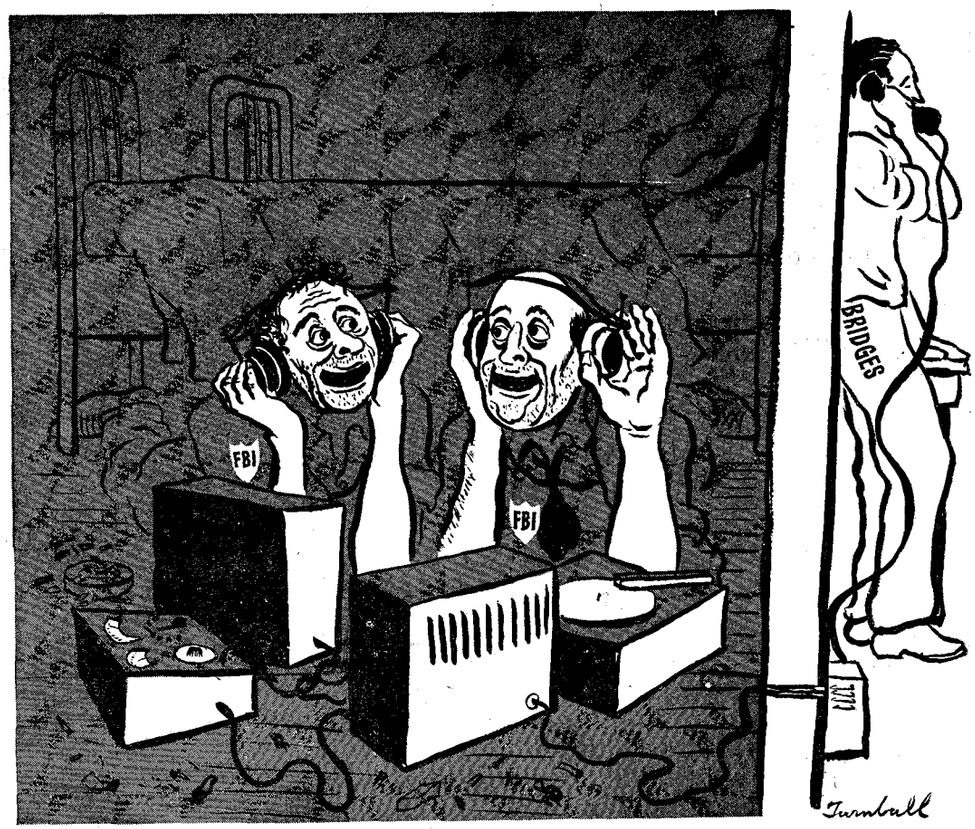
By the study and discussion of cases of breach of professional etiquette, the Soviet bar is gradually working out positive rules of conduct for the guidance of lawyers in their relations with their clients, with the court, and with their colleagues.

It cannot be said that they have yet reached anything like a final position; and controversy is still raging in the pages of *Sovietskaya Justitsia* on such vexed questions as the extent of the duty of secrecy in relation to information given in confidence by a client to his lawyer; the duty of the lawyer toward a client whom he knows to be guilty; the right of the lawyer to disown his client in the middle of a case; and the duty of the lawyer to place the whole facts, even those damaging to his client, before the court. Is the lawyer merely hired by a client as a mouthpiece, or has he any right of independent judgment on the merits of his client's case?

The point of view which is tentatively emerging from the controversy may perhaps be summarized as follows. In a trial before a Soviet court, under a social system in which classes with adverse interests have disappeared, the true interests of the community and the true interests of the individuals who appear before the court are both best served by full ascertainment of the true facts, although some individuals who appear before the court may not realize this fact. A trial from this point of view may be likened to a surgeon's consultation about an operation, which may, possibly, be a very unpleasant one for his patient even if it is in the patient's best interests. The surgeon is in a position to make the best decision only if he knows the full facts.

It is considered therefore to be the foremost duty of the lawyer to assist the court in coming to a correct conclusion on the facts. He must say nothing which would hinder it, and omit nothing which would help it, although he is entitled, and indeed bound, to present the facts in the most favorable light for his client. He is not entitled to persist in a defense which he knows to be a sham, even if his client instructs him to do so. If it comes to his knowledge, even in confidence, that his client has committed a crime, his obligation of professional secrecy is at an end. He is, therefore, by no means to be regarded merely as a hired lawyer, but, as befits a member of an honorable and independent profession, as one upon whom the court may implicitly rely in its task of ascertaining the truth and administering justice. In assisting the court in this responsible task, the Soviet lawyer finds both his justification and his reward.

DUDLEY COLLARD.



"He said 'Make it toast and Russian dressing.'"

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Strictly Personal

by RUTH McKENNEY

LETTERS FOR A SOLDIER

I HAD planned the package as a little family ceremony. But before I had finished the last knots and glued on the typed address labels, I began to feel oppressed and uneasy.

The children had a fine, awe-struck time. I drove them to the village market in the late afternoon. The day was brilliant, unseasonably cool with the unmistakable glitter of early fall. The kids, impervious to cold water, had been swimming all afternoon. Now, although they had put on dry clothes, their hair was still wet and Miss Polly, our beloved white setter, dripped gently on the back seat.

The kids looked wonderfully well; the summer had been a splendid time for them both. Their cheeks were rosy under the deep tan, their sunned legs fat and stocky.

They battled lazily all the way down to the village. "The box is going to the comrade engineer of a Red Army armored train," Tommy announced.

"It's not," Paddy answered. "Is it?"

But I was a cautious neutral. "How do we know for sure, boys? We write to a Red Army soldier fighting on the Eastern Front. We don't know if he'll be an engineer."

"Oh, yes." Tommy was perfectly calm. "He will be, all right."

Paddy scowled ferociously. "I'll bomb you!"

"Kids!" I said reproachfully. "How can you fight when you should be planning what to send the brave Red Army soldier?"

"Well." Tommy retreated with the dignity becoming to a character so lately and freshly ten years of age. "It *could* be the engineer of an armored train. Couldn't it?"

"No!" roared Paddy, full of joy.

I sighed. "Paddy! You be a good boy."

Paddy laughed, displaying the beautiful new gap in his baby teeth. Only four and a half years old and already he had two six-year molars coming in! I felt a swift pride.

At the grocery store, Tommy made the announcement to the clerk. "We're buying things for a Red Army soldier!"

"Candy!" added Paddy stoically. He had spent a sad ten minutes while I explained that not a single bit of the chocolate was for him; it all went into the box. Now, face to face with the dank fact, his underlip quivered while he watched the clerk pile up the bars of chocolate. Once he opened his mouth, evidently to inquire if just one little old chocolate bar, perhaps. . . . But I forestalled him.

"Not one thing for any of us, Paddy!"

Tommy considered all the clerk's suggestions with thoughtful gravity. We rejected cans of fruit, for example, in favor of a vacuum packed can of peanuts. More nutrition. The tins of cigarettes and the semi-sweet, hard chocolate bars were obvious. We added, after tormenting indecision, zwieback, and eight different kinds of sandwich spreads. The clerk suggested a large can of specially packed instant coffee, but Tommy violently disapproved. Coffee nerves! He was only won over when the clerk, in a brilliant flash of inspiration, pointed out that after all, perhaps the Red Army soldier might have to sit up all night, keeping watch. The coffee was included.

On the way home, both boys began to get excited. "I'm going to tell him about my last tooth!" Paddy shouted.

Tommy smiled, with infinite patience for his little brother. "Go ahead. I'm going to end my letter, 'Long live the Soviet Union.'"

Paddy looked up, his enormous blue eyes filled with artless admiration. "Long live the Soviet Union!" he repeated, staggered by the beautiful sound of the long words.

"Sure." Tommy swaggered under the heady wine of open flattery. "'Long live the Soviet Union. You and the British will lick 'em.' How's that?"

"Fine," I said, steering past a hay truck. "And Paddy can tell about the tooth. The Red Army soldier will be interested in that, too."

Both the kids were out of the car like a flash, when I braked in the driveway. Miss Polly barked wildly as they pulled and tugged at the heavy package and Paddy was persuaded only with difficulty to carry the wrapping paper and glue into the house, while Tommy proudly carted the heavy box into the study.

The letters took a long time. I held Paddy's hand while he traced his wobbly signature, but Tommy composed and typed his manuscript quite by himself. The last paragraph read: "Long live the USSR! Long live Lenigrad (sic)! All my love, Tommy."

"How long before we get the answer?" Tommy asked anxiously.

"A long time," I said. "Maybe January."

"January!" Tommy said, his disappointment blotting out all the sparkle from his eyes. But Paddy, who has no conception of time, was pleased. "Jan-U-ary," he sang, dancing around on one foot. "JANry!"

"Maybe it will be sooner," I murmured, relenting, and Tommy cheered up, while he tied knots and bossed Paddy around. Paddy was the fingerman for the twine. Finally we glued on the list of contents with our freshly purchased rubber cement, and lastly, the carefully typed address labels, six of them. "From Tommy and Paddy and Ruth McKenney and Bruce Minton, Westport, Conn., USA. To a Red Army Soldier Fighting Somewhere on the Eastern Front. c/o World Tourists, Inc., 1123 Broadway, New York City."

The kids sat down to supper reluctantly. The package fascinated them. They could hardly eat, talking about it, and twice Paddy got up, leaving his milk and cereal, to rush over and pat the big box, announcing, "It's for the Red Army soldier!" Finally we had to be firm. "Next time you get up, nothing more to eat!" Chastened, Paddy ate fast, but I saw him twisting his neck for another look at the romantic and beautiful present for the faraway comrade in the Soviet land.

I took the box down to the post office by myself. In the bustle and excitement of the afternoon, I had been keyed up and happy. After all the weeks of listening to the radio, reading the newspapers, the brief moments of preparing the package were an exquisite relief. And the kids had swept me off my feet. "Dearest Red Army soldier," Paddy had dictated. "Dear tovarshi Red Army comrade," Tommy had begun.

Sweet and simple. It struck me with savage force that it was all very well for the children, but somehow I had no right to dull the pain and horror in my heart with bars of chocolate and foolish cans of instant coffee. Long live Leningrad! Tommy had written, struck by the drama of the faraway war.

And Tommy had no way of knowing, at the age of ten, that the drama of Leningrad was compounded from the bitter sweat of fear denied, in the common necessity for courage. From the agony and blood and torture and terrible fatigue of the army fighting desperately before the beautiful city of the October Revolution. Ah, I thought bitterly, we also serve who only stand and wait, and send bars of chocolate, and knit socks, and distribute leaflets, and write articles. While they die that we may go free.

How much longer do we stand and wait, I thought. How much longer can we sit comfortably, smiling while our sweet children grow strong on sunshine and milk. And in the Soviet Union the Nazis are torturing even the kids—even the children. Bombing and shooting and burning and destroying.

Well, the chocolate is practical and the tobacco will serve a useful purpose.

But ever since the International Brigade marched through the streets of Madrid Nov. 5, 1936, I have been standing and waiting, and sending cigarettes and listening to the radio. And now the women of Leningrad take up their bottles of kerosene and their rifles, preparing to defend every block and every paving stone of their city with the blood of even their children. Now the standing and waiting is absolutely intolerable.

Dear Red Army soldier! The chocolate and the cigarettes make us ashamed. We send you this gift in the knowledge that Leningrad is the measure of all men's tomorrow. We shall yet help you defend it!

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INLAND AMERICAN

From the rolling prairies of Kansas . . . Elizabeth Gurley Flynn writes about Earl Browder's rich and useful life. A prophet with honor in his own country.

In Terre Haute, Ind., a few years ago, a mobster, incensed at the quiet courage of a man who was insisting on his right to speak, shouted: "Go back where you came from!" Threadbare platitude—echo of a taunt thrown ages ago at another just man: "No good can come out of Nazareth!" It evoked a chuckle from Earl Browder.

As the crow flies or by railroad, he was standing only a few hundred miles from his birthplace in Kansas. He was fighting for his rights as an American in the very birthplace of the teacher and guide of his youth, Eugene V. Debs. If anyone is entitled to be called *an American,* it is Earl Browder. Oblong-shaped Kansas is the central state of these United States. Make a cross on the map at Wichita, his birthplace, and it comes pretty close to being the exact center of the country. It is named after a tribe of Indians who took refuge there during the Civil War, and is situated on the Arkansas River which flows into the west shore of the Mississippi many miles southeast. As a boy on the rolling prairies, he could see far in all directions. No trivial symbol that this clearsighted man came from the heart of America.

Walt Whitman describes such inland Americans in his poem "The Prairie Grass Dividing," as "Those that go their own gait, erect, stepping with freedom and command, leading not following / those with a never-quell'd audacity. . . ." Living in a busy railroad center where great trains rush and roar to East and West, carrying away cargoes of oil, coal, gas, corn, and wheat, Browder early became aware of the immensity, the richness, the breadth and sweep of America, the vast productive capacity of her land and people. Plenitude there surely was in America, but not for the old American Browder family in Kansas, any more than for the Irish-immigrant Foster family in Philadelphia, or the Flynn family in the south Bronx, or Mike Gold's Jews without money in Manhattan's East Side, or the old American Haywoods in Utah, or the Negro family named Ford in Alabama.

Countless other poor families, East, West, North, and South, native and immigrant, black and white Americans, were learning the same bitter lessons in the terrible lean years of the nineties. The Browder family had journeyed far. They left the political tyranny and religious persecution of the old world back in the 1600's and came to Virginia. They were among the founders of the Methodist Church in America. For generations the men were circuit-rider preachers. Earl's father, the first exception, was a teacher. Preacher-farmer-teacher pioneer stock, they moved on into Kentucky where a small town, Browder, Ky., in Michlenberg County, marks their residence. There are many branches of the Browder family in the South today, very proud of their distinguished distant relative. The immediate ancestors of Earl Browder pushed on into Illinois and thence to Kansas. His father and mother were taken there as children along the wagon trails. The Browders were fearless people. Littleberry Browder fought in the Revolutionary War. Later the Browders fought in 1812 under Andrew Jackson. In the Civil War Browder sons fought to free the slaves and preserve the Union. From the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia to the plains of Kansas, to far off China and Spain, Browders risked all for human rights. They did not flinch even if prison cells were stations on the road to human freedom.

Earl Browder at the age of nineteen

"Poverty is like a foreign country. Only those who have lived there know anything about it." Children in poor families are serious and worried. They live close to their parents and know the grinding daily problems of food, clothing, and shelter. When William Browder, Sr., staked out 160 acres near Wichita, Kans., the family again tried to plant roots. No wonder when Earl Browder speaks to the farmers, he knows their terrific struggles with railroads, banks, commission houses, their ordeals in long cold winters and hot dry summers, of city stock gamblers who play with the lives of farmers' families. He knows why farmers are poor. He learned it as a child.

His father finally gave up farming and became a country school teacher. Young Earl attended his school for two years. This is all the formal schooling he had. I remember when I was asked to teach at the Workers School I was slightly alarmed at my inexperience. When I mentioned it to Earl Browder, he laughed and said: "I've been in schools more often as a teacher than I ever was as a student," which made me feel better.

When we speak of "intellectuals," we are apt to fall into the ready error that only college graduates can qualify, people with framed degrees on their walls. One who possesses good understanding, is an enlightened person, capable of using his intellect—the faculty of knowing and reasoning—is an intellectual. Not poseurs, not people who play with words, or skip from bough to bough in their mental acrobatics, as the wind blows—but serious, enlightened, reasoning human beings capable of transmitting their constructive thoughts to others—are the true intellectuals.

Earl Browder and William Z. Foster are working class intellectuals. Self-taught, they have become great teachers of their class. Out of the working class they sprang, forerunners of the socialist intelligentsia of the classless society. Like Debs, who "lantern in hand went over the unballasted prairie railroad" at sixteen, like Haywood who entered the dangerous mines at fifteen, like Foster who became a worker at ten, so Earl Browder started as a cash boy in a Wichita department store at nine. His father was seriously ill. Overwork and worry, lack of proper medical care for an obscure ailment, took their toll. He was an invalid for many years. Some of the burden fell on the thin shoulders of this serious child, with the grave blue eyes and the shy, winning smile.

The People's Party, or Populists, had ploughed the Middlewest in the nineties. Kansas, where John Brown had fought to make it a free state and had planned his expedition into the South to free the slaves, which led to his execution, was fertile soil. The demands for government ownership of railroads, canals, telegraphs and telephones, government loans to farmers, income tax, free coinage of silver, gained the Populist candidate for President, General Weaver of Iowa, over 1,000,000 votes in 1892. Many of these later supported the newly formed Socialist Party, when Debs became its presidential standard bearer in 1900. Young Earl attended Socialist meetings, first with his father, later with his mother, who exercised a strong militant influence over her children. Not far away was the town of Girard, Kans. Here was published a great voice, the weekly Socialist paper *Appeal to Reason.* The Browder family eagerly read and helped distribute every issue, from the

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first one. Eugene V. Debs, the union organizer and strike leader of the American Railroad Union, was its chief writer. On March 10, 1906, he wrote in the *Appeal's* pages his powerful plea against "a foul plot; a damnable conspiracy; a hellish outrage. . . ."—the arrest of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone, leaders of the Western Federation of Miners. The *Appeal* Army, a loyal band of devoted distributors, like the Browder Brigade of the *Daily Worker* today, circulated 1,000,000 copies. Earl Browder was one of that army.

A Socialist shoemaker named Blaze ran for mayor of Wichita, and was nearly elected. "Counted out" was the popular verdict. This was Earl Browder's first political campaign. At seventeen he was quite an experienced campaigner in the midst of Debs' third presidential campaign. But young Earl Browder was not isolated from his own generation by these adult activities. He was manager of a semi-professional baseball team, on which he also played; he was a member of the town orchestra, played the clarinet and later the flute. Years later William D. Haywood in his autobiography describes the entry of the IWW prisoners to Leavenworth penitentiary: "As we entered 'B' cell house, strains of the Internationale rang out. A Socialist, who was a member of the band, had taken his instrument to his cell and was greeting us with his flute." It was Earl Browder, imprisoned there for his anti-war activities.

Earl Browder joined a trade union in Kansas City, Mo., at the age of twenty-two, when he worked as a bookkeeper for the Standard Oil Co. He was elected a trustee of the Labor Temple Association and was instrumental in exposing a treasurer who was stealing large sums of money. He earned the confidence and respect of his fellow workers, who elected him president of the Office Workers Union for four years. In 1916 he was a delegate of his union to the national convention of the AFL. He also edited a paper, *The Toiler,* and was manager of a farmers' cooperative near Kansas City. In 1912 he first met William Z. Foster, who stayed at his home during a three weeks' organizing campaign. Thus began a warm friendship and working partnership for the great benefit of the working class movement.

Earl Browder organized the first local Mooney defense committee east of the Rockies. He presided over the first mass meeting for Mooney's defense arranged in Kansas City at which Frank P. Walsh, later one of Mooney's attorneys, was the speaker. It is a dramatic climax to the years in which Earl Browder's efforts never slackened to free Tom Mooney and Warren Billings, that today Tom Mooney from his bed in St. Luke's Hospital in San Francisco, heads a campaign to free Earl Browder, and Warren Billings is an active member of the committee.

As the United States approached entry into the European imperialist war, Earl and William Browder organized a series of anti-war mass meetings. Earl was arrested at Olathe, Kans., center of the largest cooperative movement among farmers in the country, in which he was working. Before going to Leavenworth prison, he founded the *Workers' World,* wherein he fought for the freedom of all Socialist and IWW war prisoners, including Debs, Haywood, and Ruthenberg. The Browder brothers served nine months in the Platt County, Missouri jail and nearly two years in the Kansas federal prison. The Russian Revolution occurred while they were in prison.

So you see that Earl Browder—before the Russian Revolution, while the czar was still on his throne, Lenin in exile, and Stalin in Siberia—was an active socialist, trade unionist, farmers' organizer, labor editor, and anti-imperialist, within a few miles of his birthplace. He was "a prophet with honor" in his own country. Earl Browder is an American Communist, homegrown on the rolling prairies. Strangely enough it was President Roosevelt who recognized the non-criminal character of the wartime labor prosecutions when he granted restoration of citizenship to all the wartime political prisoners the first Christmas he was in the White House. *This included Earl Browder.* It would be equally just for the President today to rectify the severity of a $2,000 fine and a four-year sentence for a minor technical violation of the passport law, by releasing Earl Browder from behind the grim gray walls of Atlanta penitentiary.

The first trip Earl Browder made out of the USA was at the age of thirty, when he visited the Soviet Union. The Communist Party of the USA had been organized while he was in prison. All the militant locals of the Socialist Party had joined it, including the Kansas City local. From 1921 to 1933 Earl Browder traveled extensively through Germany, Italy, and China. In 1927 he went with an international workers' delegation to China and was elected secretary of the Pan-Pacific Conference. In the September 1927 issue of NEW MASSES is an article by Earl Browder, "Ten Million Peasants," and in the October 1927 issue is another on "The Chinese Peasants' Movement." The man from the rolling plains of Kansas, who had lived all his life close to the land and among the people who worked it, was at home in China. That there is such tremendous solidarity and support of their military forces against the Japanese invaders by the peasants of China, is due to the movement forged among them at that time. When Browder returned to the United States in 1930, he was elected General Secretary of the Communist Party, the position he now occupies.

Giacomo Patri

These are the bare facts of Earl Browder's rich and useful life. Today at fifty, a famous leader of the people, he is as simple and unassuming as the youth in Wichita years ago. Way out in Oregon I happened to meet a soured Trotskyite who said: "Imagine, I saw Earl Browder, the Secretary of the Communist Party, in New York, wheeling a baby carriage," as if he had caught him in a heinous crime. I thought, "That man Browder sounds like a regular human being—a relief from hectic people rushing from meeting to meeting, briefcase in hand." When I returned to New York after a long illness, I was glad to renew my acquaintance of years before. At the Communist Party headquarters, where I went to meet my old friend William Z. Foster, there was Browder who greeted me in so friendly and warm a manner that I felt I had always known him. Shortly afterward I was asked to speak at a dinner of professionals for the candidacy of Browder and Ford in 1936. To say I was frightened is to put it mildly. The microphone was a formidable monster. I had been inactive for many years. I was seated beside Earl Browder. He looked very tired, and was going on a tour that night. But he immediately realized my state of anxiety and began to talk about his children, our mutual friends, and simple homely things until I felt at ease. Then he gave me some reassuring advice on how to use "the mike." When four years later I had the honor to introduce him on a coast-to-coast hookup, I thought with deep gratitude I could not have done this if he had not restored my self-confidence. His sympathy and guidance led me through a crisis for a speaker, when like an aviator after an accident, you must make the skyward plunge or be earthbound forever.

No one who has met Earl Browder, even for a few moments, heard him speak, seen him with his family, watched him laugh and play with his three boys, heard him listen patiently and attentively to the humblest worker who asked his attention, but would say he is the finest type of American. He disarms his most violent opponents by being completely unlike what their fevered imaginations conjure up. His clear and convincing speaking is occasionally shot through by homely midwest expressions, as when he characterized his conviction in the words of Abraham Lincoln on the Dred Scott decision: *"It is as thin as homeopathic soup made by boiling the shadow of a pigeon that is starved to death."* That surely ought to be thin enough to cause even the most conservative critic of Earl Browder's political views to insist upon his release. All others burn with just indignation at the continued imprisonment of this great American.

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN.

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WINTER WARFARE: FACTS AND MYTHS

Colonel T. discusses the climatic zones on the Eastern Front. Will freezing weather stop operations? The tactical problems of winter campaigning. General Mud as adjutant.

IT MAY be an erroneous impression, of course, but it does seem to me that certain authorities among the USSR's allies sit and wait for "the snow to fly" on the Eastern Front before doing anything tangible about helping the Red Army defeat Hitler's legions.

Among those who apparently influence this wait-and-see policy may be people of various politico-strategic views. Some of them might reason thus: "Warfare in Russia will have practically to stop during the winter. The German armies will be immobilized over there. So why not wait until spring and see what happens?" Others may take another tack and say: "Warfare in Russia will not stop for the winter. Therefore, Hitler still has a good chance to crush the Reds. So why not wait and see before helping Moscow?" Others still might advance the theory that if Napoleon met his doom because of the Russian winter, there is every chance that Hitler will meet the same fate. And because of that, it is not essential to victory to help the USSR because it will win anyway, with the help of "Generals Mud and Winter."

All this is, perforce, only surmise. I, furthermore, think that really responsible leaders in Washington and London honestly feel that the Soviet Union must be given assistance in its fight against the monstrosity. However, the above triplex trend of thought raises the interesting and timely question of whether or not warfare is bound to be "congealed" in the Russian winter.

FIRST OF ALL, the "Napoleonic theory" must be examined and punctured. To begin with, Napoleon was not licked by the "Russian winter" alone. As a matter of fact, the frost set in only in November, when Napoleon's army had long left Moscow and was already near the Dnieper, east of Smolensk. Most of the retreat was carried on, not through snow an ice, but through rain and slush, notwithstanding all the *bataille* painters who have recorded the epic retreat on canvas. Furthermore, conditions since then have changed. Armaments, transportation, equipment, and even food are different. It would be distinctly hazardous to draw military parallels between 1812 and 1941.

The question now remains: will winter stop operations? Before answering this it would be well, first of all, to get rid of the idea that the Eastern Front has one solid climate. That front stretches from areas where the ground never thaws deeper than three feet from the surface, to regions where citrus trees, magnolias, and mimosas grow.

The huge Eastern Front may be roughly divided into four climatic zones: the Arctic Zone from sixty to seventy degrees latitude, north; the Northern Zone from fifty-five to sixty degrees latitude, north; the Central Zone from fifty to fifty-five degrees latitude, north; and the Southern Zone from forty-five to fifty degrees latitude, north. The length of winter varies in these zones from nine months in the Arctic Zone, to six in the Northern and Central Zones, to three in parts of the Southern Zone. It is of course impossible to establish any definite boundaries between these zones because the climate of the Soviet Union is extremely unstable. (As a matter of fact Pushkin records this in *Eugene Onegin,* when he writes that in a spot in central Russia, where winter usually sets in in October . . . "nature waited and waited for winter, but the snow fell only in January.") Furthermore, latitudes are not the only lines of division as far as climate is concerned: on the very same latitude there is great variety of climate. For example, the immediate area of Leningrad seldom has long spells of uninterrupted frosts because of the influence of the Gulf Stream, which sweeps past Norway. But maybe 100 miles to the east or to the south, the climate is continental and frost and snow last for months on end.

Without going into too great meteorological detail, roughly it may be said that in the Arctic Zone (Lake Ladoga to the Arctic Ocean) warfare will be limited, except in the air, from October to May. In the Northern Zone (Leningrad-Smolensk) winter will slow down operations from November to April. In the Central Zone (Smolensk-Kiev) warfare will be rendered difficult during approximately the same period. In the Southern Zone (Kiev-Sebastopol) warfare will be possible in part through the entire winter. Thus we see that the front commanded by Marshal Voroshilov will be frozen, that by Marshal Timoshenko partly frozen, and the one under Budenny's command will be available for operations. This division is, of course, very approximate and subject to a number of corrections.

SO MUCH for the general aspect of the Eastern Front in winter. Let us now examine winter warfare from a tactical viewpoint. The special characteristics of winter warfare spring from three conditions: the snow cover, the cold, and the shortened day. Operations during the winter (a) increase the importance of inhabited centers for the billeting of troops for rest, and transform them into factors of real fighting use; (b) impede movements off the roads of infantry without skis, cavalry, supply columns of vehicles, artillery, and tanks; (c) augment the number of night movements and engagements because of the short day and the necessity, because of that, to move along roads at night.

It should also be explained in connection with the above that villages and towns become extremely important in the winter because troops cannot sleep outdoors and need to rest in buildings. Roads become narrower in the winter because of snowdrifts and narrow trails packed by vehicles, and form really what amounts to endless *defiles* or bottlenecks. On the other hand, it becomes easier to overcome such obstacles as rivers, lakes, and marshes. A certain reversal of conditions takes place: fields which were easily passable in summer become obstacles, and water which was an obstacle in the summer becomes, when solidly frozen, a good avenue of maneuver.

A WINTER MARCH is conditioned by the following considerations: it must not exceed six or seven hours because of difficult footing, breathing, etc.; it must be calculated so as to end at an inhabited center (village or town), or at least in a dense forest where there is some shelter and plenty of fuel. Because of the limited billeting capacity of most villages, the column must often be limited in size. Another consideration is this: a given column in wintertime is longer than in summertime, because all its component parts must string along the road.

An offensive in winter is usually conducted along roads. Strong fighting formations on skis, with tanks and artillery, try to attack the enemy on his flanks and in his rear. Long nights are used for the movements of these groups. We see that winter ties down warfare to roads and inhabited centers where there are buildings. The trick is to preserve such centers for one's own use and to deprive the enemy of them.

Now, what about snow as an obstacle to movement? As far as tanks are concerned, a layer of snow one foot thick does not interfere with their movement. When the snow is deeper, tanks are not completely freed and must pick their way very carefully. When the snow is two feet deep, tanks cannot operate. Artillery is put on special skis. Semi-tractor trucks have skis placed under their front wheels. Trucks often are put on skis and pulled by tractors (see the Soviet film *The Mannerheim Line*).

As to ice, the following thickness is necessary for the passage of troops: one and one half to three inches for infantry in open formation, four inches for cavalry, five inches for three-inch guns, over five inches for four-inch guns. Twelve inches of snow impede the movement of cavalry and make its movements off the roads impossible.

The absence of leaves on trees and bushes, the whiteness of the snow and the sharpness of all shadows viewed from above, raise another winter problem: camouflage becomes extremely difficult and even impossible in certain cases. On a sunny day, for example, a

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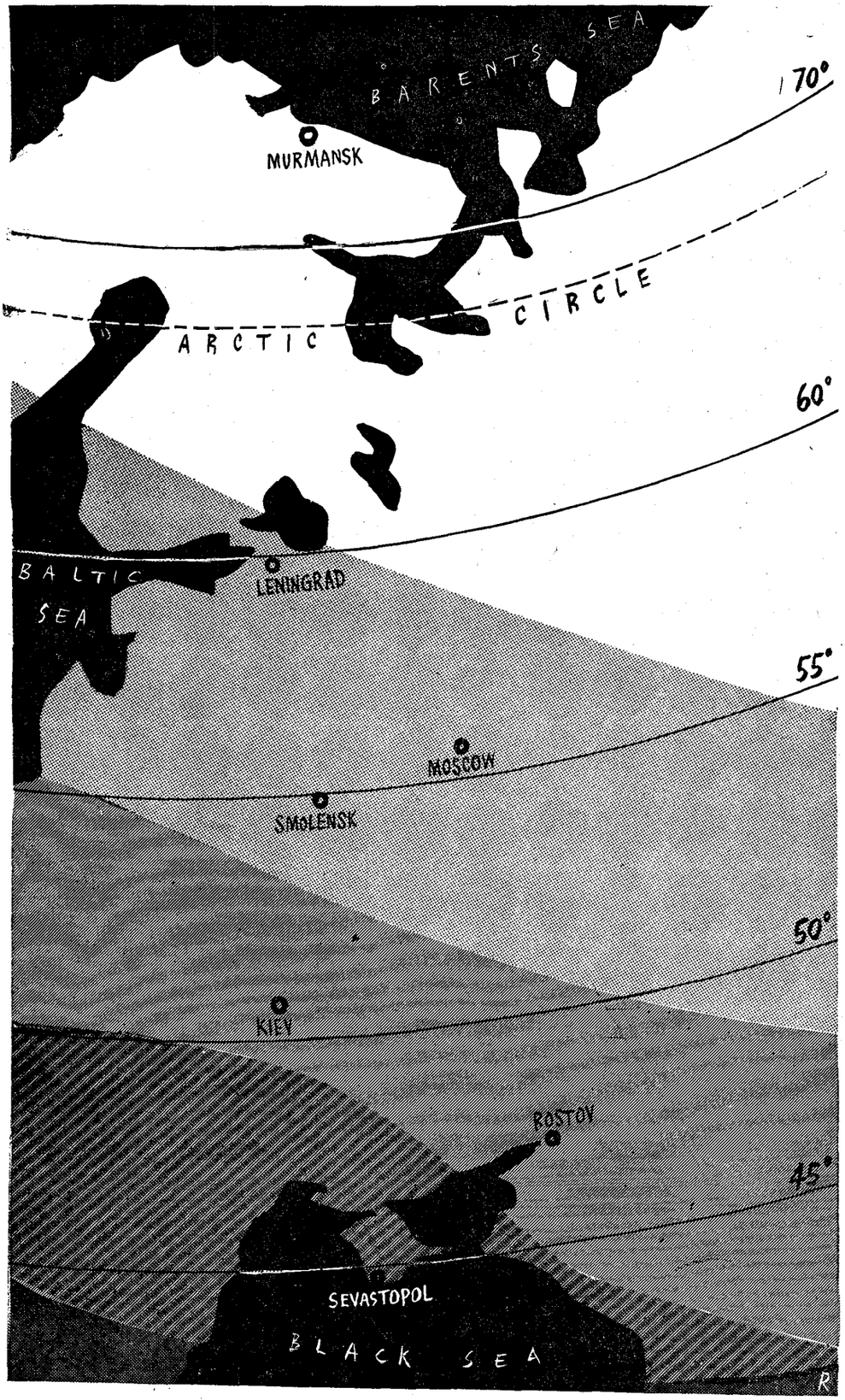

Winter will not stop Hitler by itself, says the colonel, and he explains the reasons why. The map above gives a graphic picture of the various weather belts in the Soviet Union. They are of course only rough representations, and they do not correspond with the lines of latitude. In the Arctic Belt, shown in white, winter fighting will be greatly restricted. In the Northern Zone, shown in light gray, mechanized warfare will be difficult, and other operations limited. In the Middle Zone, shown in darker gray, between Smolensk and Kiev, fighting will be possible depending on just when winter comes. The really big fighting will in all probability develop in the southern Ukraine, and around the region of the Black Sea.

plane will always detect troops on snow even if they are dressed in white.

The problem of roads, dwellings, terrain, and camouflage, generally speaking, works in favor of defense and makes an offensive difficult. The problem of billets in villages and towns works entirely against the invader and would be, all other conditions considered, a serious problem for the Germans in the Soviet Union. The problem of supplies would work the same way, because the German lines of communications are much longer than those of the Red Army troops.

Now we come to the purely human element, i.e., to the question of how the human body reacts to frost. Breathing, walking, and running are much more difficult in winter because of the frost, heavy clothing, and bad footing. The aim of the rifleman is impaired because of the clothing he wears, the gloves, the cold metal of the rifle, and his shortened wind after he has walked or run. Hot food is much more essential in the winter, and its absence under fighting conditions works far greater hardships than in the summer. The human body must be trained to winter conditions and this cannot be achieved in a few weeks. It takes years.

Among the troops of the German coalition, only Norwegians and Finns have the proper training for winter warfare. While the Germans, we hear, have ordered 500,000 pairs of skis, it is doubtful that they have that many expert skiers. Here the Red Army has a great advantage. The same can be said of the supply of fur coats, in which the Germans are deficient. As a matter of fact, there are rumors that they had ordered a great number of furs in Iran and Afghanistan which they will never get.

To sum up the possibilities of warfare on a grand scale in the East, it might be said:

(a) Only very restricted warfare will be possible on the Arctic front. Here things will have to be limited to flying and forays by ski patrols.

(b) In the Northern Zone, mechanized warfare will be hardly possible. Other operations might be practicable, but scarcely on a grand scale.

(c) In the Middle Zone (between Smolensk and Kiev) everything will depend on the type of winter, and prognosis is difficult. All types of warfare are probable.

(d) In the Southern Zone mud and slush will be the greatest obstacle, also unfrozen rivers (up to midwinter), but this will hardly stop modern warfare.

So we see that it would be erroneous to think that Old Man Winter will come around in a month and dispose of the Eastern Front. This is not so. Generals Mud and Winter will not take the place of Marshals Voroshilov, Timoshenko, and Budenny. They might aid the marshals for the reasons outlined above, but it will be the Red Army which will continue holding that front—a front which may well be quite "hot" in spite of the winter, especially south of the fiftieth parallel.

COLONEL T.

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THE TEACHERS MEET

A national convention which Rapp-Coudert won't like. The keynote is unity in all-out aid to the anti-fascist fronts. Education and defense.

IT WAS a convention of many surprises, this twenty-fifth convention of the American Federation of Teachers in Detroit, several days ago. [Hundreds of delegates, elected last spring, in the old war situation, parked their hatchets and stilettos, which some had sharpened to use in an intra-union struggle arising from divergent attitudes to the imperialist war—and the weapons were covered over with a thick layer of red smear.] The opening of new anti-fascist fronts, however, especially the inspiring Eastern one, had a magnetic effect on these weapons: all of them turned in the direction of fighting Hitlerism. It was George S. Counts, president of the AFT, who sounded the anti-fascist keynote in his opening address when he said:

". . . the fortunes of the American people are critically involved in that stupendous and bloody struggle which is now being waged on the vast plains of western Russia. . . ."

That keynote was expanded by the delegates into a sweeping theme that should echo through the nation's schools, rallying teachers and pupils to the guarantee of our national security through support to the international anti-fascist fronts. No teachers' convention had ever gone so far. Previous conventions had advocated aid to this or that anti-fascist front in Ethiopia, China, and Spain, but none had sharply made the most important of political distinctions—that between fascist states and the Soviet Union. In 1941, however, the convention rose to an occasion it could not help meeting: in opposing Hitlerism, it had to advocate all-out aid to the Allies, including the Soviet Union.

There was a crescendo during the five days of convention sessions. On the last day, when stocky George Googe arose to speak as the personal representative of William Green, the delegates in the Hotel Statler ballroom wondered what to expect. This was the man assigned by Green four years ago to help carry through a split in the federation by ousting the New York and Philadelphia locals on the Red-baiting issue.

BY THE TIME this Georgia labor leader had reached the halfway point in his address, his audience was straining forward to catch every word. Enthusiasm greeted his call for united support to Great Britain, the Soviet Union, and China, and for a bitter-end struggle against the American appeasers of Hitlerism, especially Georgia's Governor Talmadge: this was the expression of the spirit and understanding of American teachers in the fight for the destruction of fascism. Striking in the address of Googe was the utter absence of any such Red-baiting as marred the opening speech of George Counts. Googe served as the bright omen for the future of a united teachers' movement. Anti-fascist unity had eliminated the "Red menace."

Saturday night's convention parties lasted long and late. The unseated New York and Philadelphia delegations, stopping at the Hotel Tuller across the street, played host to scores of accredited delegates, many of whom came to be entertained and stayed to learn. All joined in songs of unity ("You Can't Scare Us, We're Sticking to the Union"), anti-Rapp-Coudert songs, anti-fascist songs. At these parties friendships were made and outdated enmities forgotten. There was little scheduled on the convention program for the next morning. A meeting on international relations had been set for Sunday afternoon. In the past, the AFT had from time to time invited teacher representatives from other countries—Mexico or Britain—but their addresses were never the climax of a convention. But this is 1941. This is the year when all progressive forces in America and in the world are joining in a mighty effort for the military defeat of Hitlerism. The teachers of America intend to take their place in that fight.

They gave new evidence on August 24 at the meeting on international relations.

It was the largest meeting of the convention. Sitting side by side with the accredited delegates were the union teachers from the ousted locals in New York and Philadelphia. Members of the AFT executive council sat in the same room with Morris U. Schappes and Bella Dodd, and joined them in applauding plea after plea for anti-fascist unity from speakers representing Britain, Free France, Czechoslovakia, and Bolivia.

The climax of this meeting was reached at the conclusion of the address of Miroslav Sichinsky, an unannounced speaker. Sichinsky is thin, gray-haired, powerful-voiced; a Ukrainian nationalist and former president of the Ukrainian Workingmen's Association. Whatever else you may think of the Soviet Union, it has always allowed full expression to its nationalities, Sichinsky said. If we do not support Great Britain and the Soviet Union, the United States will become an island in a Hitlerite world, he eloquently warned. His final stirring plea for unity in the face of Nazi aggression evoked a prolonged demonstration from the delegates—the elegantly mirrored ballroom was swept by wave after wave of applause. Such a spirit was bound to be reflected in the actions of the delegates and of the convention as a whole.

Some of the duly seated delegates drew up a statement of support addressed to the teachers of Britain, the Soviet Union, and China. It was signed by more than 100 of their fellows, including many of the convention's leaders, and it drew enthusiastic endorsement from George Googe. Teachers didn't wait to be approached for their signatures, but went looking for those who were circulating the statement. George Axtelle, AFT vice president for the colleges, quickly agreed to invite delegates from the ousted New York College Teachers Union (Local 537) to the convention's college section meeting. Delegates from all over the country, including the New Yorkers, spoke of their problems and experiences. David Goldway, dismissed Townsend Harris teacher, told of the machinations of New York's Rapp-Coudert committee. Morris U. Schappes moved the delegates by a brief summary of his own case.

ON TUESDAY, the last day of the sessions, the growing strength and clarity of the delegates were manifested on the convention floor. The academic freedom committee unanimously reported out a resolution condemning the Rapp-Coudert committee. It was a good resolution—it contained none of the Red-baiting that a small minority of the delegates might have liked to hear. As soon as the resolution was read, there was an attempt to tack on a Red-baiting amendment from the floor. When the amendment was offered, Lillian Herstein, a vivid, small, gray-haired delegate from Chicago, arose to speak. Miss Herstein was recently one of the two official United States representatives to the International Labor Office in Geneva. She had helped defend the Communists in the Bridgman cases two decades ago.

Lillian Herstein stoutly defended the resolution as introduced. With wit and vigor she pointed out the dangers of a Red-baiting position. She was followed by William Card of Chicago, and Doxey Wilkerson of Washington, both of whom spoke against the amendment. The amendment was defeated (104 to 73) and the original resolution passed unanimously. Unanimously passed, too, was a resolution for the reinstatement of James Gillies, ousted from his teaching job in Pennsylvania for signing a Communist nominating petition. And more, the convention pledged financial support to the fight for his reinstatement. Another high point, in a convention that reached many peaks, was a speech by Florence Curtis Hanson at the AFT's twenty-fifth annual banquet.

The venerable Mrs. Hanson is one of the founders and past secretary of the AFT. Her speech was a heartfelt plea for a united federation. "This federation," she said, "is big enough to include people of different political and social points of view as long as they are for the schools." She put into words what many of the delegates feel must soon become a reality—organic unity of all organized teachers in the anti-fascist fight. Hangovers of Red-baiting persisted with some of the AFT lead-

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ers, although as the convention continued it became more and more obviously inconsistent and difficult to follow a Red-baiting line.

An amendment to the federation's constitution was introduced by the tiny Springfield, Ohio, local. If passed in its original form, this amendment, by calling for the expulsion of all present members who were "Communists, Nazis, or fascists," would have meant new splits in the AFT. This idea was defeated by the delegates; although they did adopt an amendment which, while it maintains the status of present members, provides for the exclusion of *new* applicants who are proved to be "Communists, Nazis, or fascists." Many delegates felt that this amendment would not survive the next convention.

Other achievements of the convention were: unanimous passage of a resolution denouncing Governor Talmadge's attack on Georgia's educational system; and resolutions on teacher tenure, the need for expanding educational facilities, and on the need for democracy to use the nation's classrooms to strengthen itself through democratic curricula democratically administered. Noteworthy also is the fact that the Executive Council, which had last spring rejected the per capita of the New York WPA Teachers Local 453, thereby dropping it from the federation, decided to accept the funds and to work out a way of reinstating the local.

THE ESSENTIAL UNITY of the convention was demonstrated by the fact that fourteen of the sixteen elected offices of the federation were uncontested. George S. Counts was without opposition reelected AFT president for the third year with 524 votes, the highest received by any candidate. In only two cases did a minority feel it necessary to nominate candidates to oppose those who were at odds with the anti-fascist position of the other candidates and the convention as a whole. The two who were opposed were Layle Lane, supporter of isolationism because of her Trotskyite position, and John Connors, whose appeasement resolution had been decisively defeated at the Massachusetts State Federation of Labor, but who carefully avoided stating his position openly at this convention. Running against these two were Doxey Wilkerson, Washington, D. C., Negro leader and former vice president of the AFT, and Robenia Anthony, another former AFT vice president. Although these two were identified with old, outdated struggles around the ouster of the New York and Philadelphia locals, the tendency to shed the past and unite in the present brought Wilkerson and Anthony over 100 votes each, more than double the number expected when the convention opened. Had Miss Lane and Connors been smoked out into openly declaring their appeasement positions, the decision would have been completely different.

Except for the *Daily Worker*, the press handled convention news with touching distortion. Ignoring the main issues, the papers seized on the fact that the delegates from the ousted New York and Philadelphia locals were not seated by the convention, to obscure the more important fact that the door to unity is open wider today than it was in early August.

Michaels

Star Pupil

A few days before the convention went into session, the presidents of the three ousted locals, Charles J. Hendley of Local 5, Robert K. Speer of 537, and Mary Foley Grossman of Local 192, Philadelphia, issued statements pointing out that the reacceptance of their locals into the federation would logically follow the progressive stand that the convention would undoubtedly take. Said Mary Foley Grossman, "All Americans should at this time be primarily concerned with national defense against Hitlerism. American teachers have therefore the task of unifying their forces in defense of democracy against enemies within and without." "This period in our history is no time for divisiveness," said Speer. Stemming from this position was Hendley's statement, "The delegates of Local 5 have come to the convention to make a simple proposal to the other delegates . . . that the delegates of 5, 192, and 537 be seated at this convention."

The "simple proposal" made by Charles Hendley was not fully realized because there was insufficient time at the convention for a full meeting of minds on the question of one united AFT—the past lay too heavily upon it. But the shining simplicity of the proposal for a united AFT will become clearer to American teachers every day as their consciousness of the need for unity against Hitlerism becomes transformed into action. Real agreement on principle inevitably brings people together into one union mansion.

The unseated delegations returned to New York and Philadelphia in high spirits and with confidence. Sound as the presently constituted federation is, they know it will be even more vigorous when they are again a full part of it. Toward that goal they are determined to work, hard and skilfully. To attain a bright future they know they must not quarrel about the past but act together in the present. History will be written by historians; but fascism has no use for historians. That's why the teachers of New York and Philadelphia will not allow themselves to be diverted from the only way in which history today can be made nearer the people's desire, the united way.

JANE MICHAELS.

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The Fronts

NEWS from the military front was more promising this week than at any time since the middle of July, when the myth of the "blitzkrieg" was shattered in the fierce fighting for Smolensk. Soviet counter-offensives, evidently in preparation for some weeks, have now begun. They are developing in the central zone, under Marshal Timoshenko's command, and from the Leningrad sector below Lake Ilmen. In the Ukraine Marshal Budenny has evidently completed his strategic retreat and has the situation well enough in hand to be feeling out the German positions on the west bank of the Dnieper. This news is all the more welcome because some people were undeniably depressed by the Nazi advance into the Ukraine, the serious threat to Leningrad, and the siege of Odessa. The blowing up of the great Dnieperstroy came as a shock; all of us felt a sense of personal hurt. The Dnieper dam was a symbol of what workingmen can do; it was the symbol of successful socialist construction, and some people were inordinately depressed by its loss. Yet the truth is that destruction of the Dnieper dam was also proof of the great strength of the Soviet people, for only men and women who know they shall rebuild would have the moral strength to make such a sacrifice. So also, the Soviet counter-offensives are an indisputable sign of the great strength and reserves of the Soviet armed forces. The continued activity in the air, the massing of tank battalions, and the assumption of initiative, should dispel once and for all any pessimistic moods in the anti-fascist camp.

It is too early to estimate the scope of these offensives, and we would hesitate at this time to see in them more than limited drives for specific purposes. By securing the region around Kiev, the Soviet command not only assures control of that city but prevents a German drive behind Marshal Budenny's forces. The pressure on Leningrad is relieved in the north, and the general hold on the Baltic strengthened. Most important of all, these offensives come at a time when the Nazis have not yet recuperated from the strain of their advance, and are being harassed continually in the rear. Although ordinarily, armies on the offensive pay heavily for their gains, in this case the chances are that the Nazis are paying much more heavily, since they have had little time to stabilize their own gains. All in all, the week's events attested to the power of Soviet arms. It will be a long, hard struggle into and beyond the winter. But the vitality of the Soviet Union's resistance is what counts. That, and the pressure in Britain and our own country for a great anti-fascist offensive in the West. The President's pledge to "strike with redoubled energies" now that the Nazis are halted must not remain mere language.

MEANWHILE the Iranian campaign has come to a happy ending, with the Teheran government acknowledging the validity of Soviet and British demands for the ouster of German agents. Soviet and British troops, in their first cooperation of the war, have met halfway; the agents are being interned and the vital railway between the Persian Gulf and the Caspian is now free for large scale British and American shipments of supplies. The British seem to be patrolling most of southern Iran as far north as the oil fields, while Soviet troops have lined the borders of Turkey to the west and fanned out along the Caspian shore. All the evidence shows that the Iranian people are pleased with this development, and it has made a strong impression in the Arabic world. Attention now shifts to Turkey, which has become a real buffer state, maintaining its uncertain neutrality at the crossroads of the hottest corner of Europe and Asia. The Soviet Union and Britain have again reaffirmed their intention of assisting the Turks in case of a Nazi invasion. The Nazis are bargaining hard for the use of the Dardanelles; they are mobilizing vast forces on the Bulgarian border by way of pressure on Turkey before their economic adviser, Herr Clodius, arrives in Ankara next week for trade negotiations. Unless the Nazis are in worse shape than we believe true at the moment, they probably will not divert large energies for a campaign into Turkey. What they want at the moment is "cooperation" in raw materials, and most of all in opening the Dardanelles for Italian, and perhaps French war craft.

Dilemma in Nippon

IT IS now officially acknowledged that serious negotiations are under way between Japan and the United States for some sort of settlement of the Far Eastern crisis. Prince Konoye has dispatched a personal message to Mr. Roosevelt; the Japanese ambassador, Admiral Nomura, has had several conferences with Cordell Hull and the President himself; a general discussion has developed in the Japanese press, and judging from the rather desperate way in which some Japanese commentators speak of war as the only alternative should the present negotiations fail, it is clear that powerful groups in Japan are seeking some way out of their present impasse. Mr. Hull has tried to minimize the significance of his conferences with Nomura, speaking of them as only "preliminary." But it would not be surprising if Washington desired to draw out the negotiations considerably, because after all, the main objective in stabilizing the Far Eastern situation would be to gain time. It is altogether possible that by the end of winter the increase of American production and the general weakening of the fascist position in Europe would leave Japan no alternative in her relations with Britain and the United States, not even the alternative of going to war.

Everything in the Far Eastern affairs now impinges on these negotiations. In Tokyo the Foreign Office has rejected both the Soviet and American notes which insisted on keeping the trade routes to Vladivostok open. There is talk in Japan of blockading the Vladivostok port, even though the Soviet note indicated that this would be considered an "unfriendly act." On the American side the administration continues to strengthen its communications with the Philippines, where our armies are now on a war basis. And then there was the dispatch of a military mission to China, headed by Admiral Magruder. Both sides, in other words, are continuing to improve their positions against each other even while talks between them go on.

It is not easy to say whether the administration has really embarked on a policy of large scale military and technical assistance to China, or whether Admiral Magruder's mission is simply intended to build up some bargaining points in the parleys with Tokyo. But it is obvious that any settlement of relations in the Far East revolve around the future of China. And here is where progressives will be greatly concerned and will watch developments with the greatest care.

Obviously, negotiations with Japan are worthwhile, since it is in the anti-fascist interest not to divert our energies from the main front, which lies in Europe. But there is no room for an agreement with Japan at the expense of our normal trade relations with the Soviet Union, for which the security of the Vladivostok route is vital. Nor is there any room for dickering at the expense of China's unity and sovereignty. China needs our supplies, our technical and military help; above all, she needs American good offices to maintain and strengthen the United Front between the Kuomintang and the Eighth Route Army. It would be a valuable thing to tie Japan down, no matter how temporarily, and every month gained is to the good. But it would be suicidal to give Japan concessions in China which she has been unable to win by her own diplomacy and her four-year-old war.

Relations with Mexico

JUDGING from the Mexican President Avila Camacho's speech to the Mexican Congress and from Washington reports, our relations with Mexico are approaching a general and comprehensive settlement. First of all, the issue of the oil expropriations, which Mexico carried out in March 1938, is now being adjudicated, and the chances are that from the direct or indirect proceeds of a large American loan, Standard Oil will receive some kind of payment for the properties. The Mexican government has already settled with the Sinclair interests. But Standard Oil's claims have been so fantastic as to make an honorable settlement from Mexico's point of view impossible.

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It will be interesting to see just what the terms of pending agreement will be. That bears also on the distinct possibility that American good offices will be used to bring about a resumption of diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Mexico. It is good to learn also that the Treasury intends to bolster the Mexican peso and commercial agreements will be made assuring lower tariffs and a plentiful supply of American goods for the Mexican market. All this must be done without prejudicing Mexican sovereignty. The disgraceful interference of the big American trusts in Mexican political life and social legislation will have to come to an end.

Within Mexico itself, the Camacho regime continues on its middle-of-the-road policy, judging from the president's speech. It was important, however, that Camacho vigorously attacked the reactionary *Sinarquista* movement; this represents a direct rebuff to the most pro-fascist elements in the country, an implied rebuff to the *Portesgillistas,* among them the sinister figure who is Camacho's brother, Maximino. It was significant also that the Mexican labor movement seems to be taking a very vigorous role; there were impressive demonstrations reviewed by the president as the Congress opened; Camacho's assurance that Mexico sided wholeheartedly with the unity of the hemisphere against fascism corresponded to the slogans of the workingmen's demonstration. The whole problem in Mexico is to advance that country's industrialization, to further its autonomous development toward higher living standards for its people. The United States can help by favorable trade arrangements, by abolishing import restrictions, and by loans on favorable terms. Beyond that, however, the State Department must reject every interpretation of good neighborliness which the big American monopolies take to mean the straitjacketing of Mexican life in their own interests. A strong Mexico with a strong labor movement is our best defense in the Caribbean.

Call to Action

ON LABOR DAY, the President of the United States was heard all over the world. Never before had he spoken more directly, more positively. "We shall do everything in our power to crush Hitler and his Nazi forces," he said. "We must do our full part in conquering them."

With this statement of resolve not to be content with less than the total annihilation of Hitlerism, the President gave expression to the overwhelming sentiment of the nation. The people agree that "We cannot hesitate, we cannot equivocate in the great task before us." Organized labor, aware that "no group has a greater stake in the defeat of Nazism," offered its complete support to the anti-fascist fight. In the name of 5,000,000 members of the American Federation of Labor, William Green promised every effort to "spur the national defense program." James Carey broadcast the message of CIO President Philip Murray, too ill to deliver the address himself: "The CIO stands united against fascism and all it represents here and abroad. We stand likewise in our support for the defense program of the US and our national policy of aid without stint to Great Britain and all nations resisting the aggressions of the Nazi tyranny." In convention, the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers declared that "the united might of both the British and Soviet governments, backed by the United States and supported most of all by that hatred of fascism that is bred in the bone of every worker . . . can hardly fail to rid humanity once and for all of the very fountainhead of world fascism, the Nazi government of Germany." Labor and the people are united. John L. Lewis, defying the working class which gave him strength, has run to join the reactionary Hoover-Landon cabal; now he sees the unions repudiate his position of surrender and defeat.

Taxation Pyramid

THE Senate Finance Committee certainly did a job of broadening the tax *base*—while relatively it made the top even narrower. Take a look at this pyramid constructed by the committee and now being considered by the whole Senate. First the base: (1) Six million more people would have to pay income taxes, because personal exemptions were lowered to $750 for single and $1,500 for married persons. (2) The tax burden in the lower income brackets is far more punishing—in terms of ability to pay—than in the higher. (3) Increased "excise" (sales) levies account for $900,000,000 additional revenue in the $3,672,400,000 bill. This will be paid mostly by poorer folk, who must spend a much larger proportion of their income than do the wealthy on items like gasoline, tires and tubes, stoves, electric bulbs, radios, toilet preparations, washing machines, cigarettes, movie tickets, local telephone bills, electrical appliances, and rubber goods. Besides, there is a $5 "use" tax on all automobiles, five percent on railroad or bus tickets, and ten percent on all telegrams or cables. (4) The "base" includes millions of people whose earnings are not rising rapidly enough to take care of the leaping cost of living. Moreover, they already pay cruelly in state and local sales taxes which mean little to the rich.

And now for the top of the pyramid: (1) The committee eliminated from the House bill a special ten percent excess-profits tax. It refused all suggestions for tightening up methods of computing excess-profits levies. Consequently, the biggest corporations, with defense-boom profits, could still get away with paying a small excess-profits tax or even, in some instances, none at all. (2) For no apparent reason, industries producing strategic materials for defense were entirely exempted from the excess profits levy. (3) Normal corporation taxes were raised slightly—but only in the lower corporate income brackets ($25,000 or below). (4) The committee retained the joint husband-and-wife income tax return, by which the wealthy can skip paying their full share. (5) It abolished the House levies on outdoor advertising and on radio networks' advertising receipts.

This is only the summary of a tax measure which has been immediately and properly protested by organizations like the CIO, the AFL, and the National Lawyers Guild. Members of the Senate Finance Committee disregarded all their suggestions for a democratic bill. It is possible that the measure will have passed the Senate by the time this issue appears. However, it must still go through a joint House-Senate committee to adjust differences before it reaches the President for his signature or veto. If the protests become numerous and vigorous enough, it may never become law.

Jim Crow with a Gun

RECENTLY four Negro soldiers hitch-hiked from Camp Robinson, Ark., back to their homes in Detroit. They had had all they could stand—all any human being could stand—of humiliation and brutality. Bands of white men had forced them off the Arkansas road with machine guns, after ordering the white officers to "get those niggers off the highway." A member of the same army division, the 94th Engineers (composed of Negro soldiers), was slapped and cursed for brushing against a white policeman in Little Rock. The next night a Negro guard was beaten up by a state cop. So threatening was the attitude of white "officers of the law" in this southern area, that one night the soldiers slept in their clothes, with flashlights and machetes handy in case of trouble.

Of course this isn't the first report of savage discrimination against Negroes in the armed services. Two weeks ago NEW MASSES dealt editorially with a number of similar instances. There have been several since. From Fort Sill, near Oklahoma City, comes a story of inhuman treatment visited by white officers and soldiers on the Negroes, who are forced to do the heaviest camp drudgery while the whites taunt them about their race. The CIO Council of Cook County, Ill., has revealed shocking facts about continued discrimination against both Negroes and Jews in defense industries—in spite of the President's executive order against such discrimination and the existence of an administrative board to end this practice. In arranging for an Army Welfare Week (September 7-13) the CIO Council also made plans for an anti-discrimination conference to include several Negro and Jewish organizations. The Negroes of America have demonstrated their desire to participate in the anti-Nazi struggle—but how much more ardently, more forcefully, they will be able to do this if Hitlerism is first abolished in this country. Army segregation is by no means the chief feature of that Hitlerism. It is, however, the chief cause of the intolerable episodes at Fort Robinson, Fort Bragg, and other army posts. Its disruptive effect on army morale is incalculable. In civilian life its repercussions are evident in current violent attacks on individual Negroes. In safeguarding our country, we must put a swift end to practices that tear a democracy apart.

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BUSINESS BEFORE SAFETY

I. F. Stone's new book tells the sordid story of broken schedules and unfilled orders in armaments production. The men responsible. A review by Bruce Minton.

BUSINESS AS USUAL: *The First Year of Defense, by I. F. Stone. Modern Age Books. $2.*

THE United States is the greatest industrial nation in the world. In these dangerous days, the people of America have pledged the vast production capacity of our nation to the defeat of Hitlerism. Yet despite the solemn promise of utmost aid to those fighting our battle, there has been an alarming lack of achievement. We have told the rest of the world that it can count on us for unlimited quantities of armaments and strategic supplies —and we have delivered so little. Something, somewhere is very wrong.

It is said by some that soon the United States will hit its stride. We must have patience. But is there time for patience? The defenders of Leningrad, the armies on the plains of the Ukraine and China, the pilots over Berlin and the Ruhr, the fleets on the seas, are fighting desperately for our security. If they fail. . . .

The plain truth is that America is a long, long way from producing the vital armaments that can turn the tide of battle. The first heavy tank is scheduled for completion this fall; quantity deliveries may not be expected —and then only if all goes well—until about June 1942. Just recently one aircraft company installed the first powered, mechanized assembly line in the industry. German productive capacity was reported to be 3,500 planes a month, at a time (March 1941) when this country was straining to export 481 planes and 1,012 engines to the British, thirty-five planes to the Dutch East Indies, ten engines to China, and eight engines to Brazil. Only two companies at present are able to build four-motored bombers suitable for long-range flights: their combined output is less than fifty planes a month—and President Roosevelt has asked for 500. Big bombers contain 80,000 pounds of aluminum apiece, and 500 bombers a month will require 40,000,000 pounds of aluminum a year, or more than the aluminum trust produced for all purposes in 1940.

These heartbreaking and ominous figures (and these are but typical and taken at random) are quoted from a new book by I. F. Stone, who tells the ugly story of broken schedules and unfilled orders. The facts must be made familiar to all—for the American people face an immediate threat to themselves and their country.

In *Business As Usual* Mr. Stone has given the facts, simply and directly—and the truth is horrifying. In every respect, in production of guns and tanks, ships and machine tools, planes and munitions and cannon, America has, to date, failed to produce the bare minimum needed. The "arsenal of democracy" does not count heavily enough at this crucial moment in history.

THE CAUSE of breakdown is neither abstruse nor inevitable. It is quite simply that monopoly sits in the saddle, and monopoly thinks only in terms of profits. Patriotism is all very well —if it pays. But national security, the struggle against fascism, the frightful prospect of a Nazi victory, are secondary considerations to "the servants of monopoly [who] are in control of the defense program." They are concerned only with special privilege, with maintaining their dictatorship of American economy, with loot to be gobbled up regardless of the cost to the rest of the people. It is not even a matter of enjoying a yield on an investment—and a large yield, by any standard. It is rather the determination to gouge the very last bit of tribute, for which is returned as little as possible. More, the monopolists exert all energy to prevent a change in this calamitous situation: to make sure new plants do not come into production—because even if the take on an expanded volume were enormous, there would remain far more strategic strength in holding production down. They could not disregard the future—which some day will bring the end of the war. Expanded plant capacity would raise the specter of plenty, forcing prices down, cutting into profits, and endangering absolute monopolies. The President said last December: "Our defense efforts should not be blocked by fear of future consequences." To which G. R. Gibbons, senior vice president of the Aluminum Co. of America, gave the retort direct before the Truman committee: "Suppose England was immediately conquered . . . and the war should suddenly subside, where would we land? I didn't know, but I thought we might land with a huge capacity here and nowhere to go, and Mr. Stettinius may have thought that, I don't know. But it involved, see, the future. . . ."

Mr. Stone's valuable service is to tell the facts of monopoly sabotage without circumlocution, piecing the story together in all its ugliness. He cites the case of the Aluminum Co. as the best example of monopoly thinking and the abysmal results therefrom. Shortages are only too well known in this vital light metal needed in chemicals, for planes, electrical conductors, building construction, metallurgy, foundry and metal working. While Germany can produce 1,000,000,000 pounds of aluminum a year, the United States cannot meet its full armament requirements, let alone usual civilian needs. True, there is more than enough bauxite, the mineral from which aluminum is derived. And as far back as 1939, Alcoa was warned of shortages. To which Alcoa, with a ninety-nine percent monopoly, responded that shortages were unthinkable. Because to admit the possibility of shortages was to risk demands for new aluminum refineries. For its part, Alcoa, through its control of the raw material, refused to sell bauxite to any other processor—and thereby prevented new capacity from coming into the industry. It also refused to build new plants for its own part, because profits were too good at present levels. Alcoa, according to the Department of Justice, "being the only source of such sheet is in a position to exact whatever profit it pleases since the aircraft manufacturer must pay the monopoly price. . . . Alcoa does not hesitate to take full advantage of this aircraft aluminum sheet market by exacting net profits running as high as 181 percent of cost on such sheet." The company's lowest rate of profit for aluminum used in aircraft was eighty-one percent.

Irving W. Wilson, vice president of Alcoa in charge of operations, took the witness stand during an anti-trust hearing against Alcoa, to deny shortages. He was really interested in preventing any move toward the dissolution of the trust. Because, said Mr. Wilson, "I am convinced that as serious as a dissolution would be in normal times, it would certainly be a catastrophe to destroy what is a national defense facility, and Alcoa today is such a national defense facility." The only comment that can be made to this modest remark is that Alcoa was as guilty of preventing America from building adequate defenses as any other monopoly. Which is saying a good deal.

THE SORDID STORY told by Mr. Stone is much the same for steel, automobile, aviation, for all major industries examined. Nor did the corporations depend solely on their great economic power. They controlled and dominated as well the Office of Production Management, from which all defense orders stemmed. The representatives of monopoly entrenched themselves, supposedly to put their talents to work in the interests of defense and to assure aid to the Allies; actually they served as export lobbyists, guarding the interests of the huge corporations with terrifying zeal, seeing to it that sacred prerogatives were never impinged upon.

"The OPM," remarks Mr. Stone, "did not intend to allow any competition with the aluminum monopoly, even if privately financed." This was true not alone in the case of aluminum. The composition of OPM gave the

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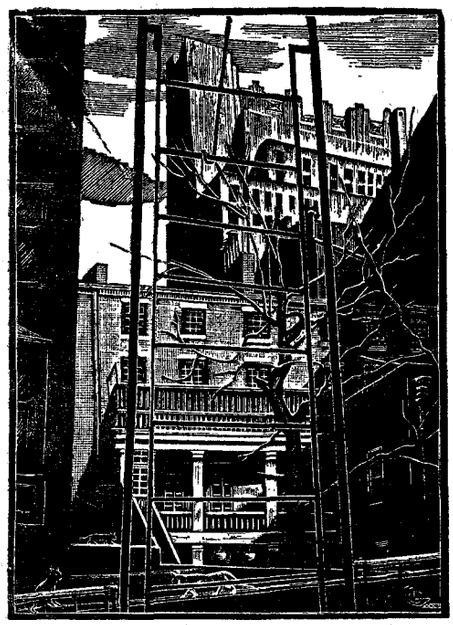
show away. The chairman of US Steel, Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., was in charge of industrial materials, of which steel was of primary importance. William S. Knudsen, operating head of General Motors, was responsible for production, and the most important productive unit in the country was the automobile industry. Ralph Budd, president of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, headed the transportation division. Key legal posts were occupied by senior and junior members of the great Wall Street law firms. The adviser on iron and steel came from Jones & Laughlin Steel Co.; on power, from the Edison Electric Institute; on textiles, from the Association of Cotton Textile Merchants of New York; on leather and belting, from the US Leather Co.; on rubber, from the Rubber Manufacturers Association; on aircraft, from the Curtiss-Wright Airplane Corp. And so it went.

Not unnaturally this setup resulted in a somewhat prejudiced outlook, to put it mildly. The steel industry was well protected by the priorities committee. The automobile industry received a more than generous supply of aluminum, since Mr. Knudsen disliked limiting production of passenger cars. Those industries not represented on the OPM received a ten percent priority on aluminum; but du Pont, General Motors, and others with bigwigs sitting in on OPM deliberations, received a sixty percent allowance. "It occurs to me . . ." Senator Mead remarked, "that somebody might say that they [the du Pont and General Motors members of the OPM] were very careful about their own business and very careless about the other fellow's."

IN PLAIN WORDS, the OPM played favorites —and those preferred just happened to be the very companies from which OPM executives were drawn. Awards of contracts had a way of going to the great corporations. Bethlehem Steel, with twenty-three percent of defense orders in February 1941, is a well known example. But other big companies also boasted staggering backlogs of orders. A survey by the National Association of Manufacturers found that only twenty-eight percent of the country's manufacturing plants had received defense orders. Small wonder the production of desperately needed defense equipment lagged: even the OPM admitted that half the machine tools in this country at the end of the first year of defense were in use less than eight hours a day, and many were idle. The monopolies were overwhelmed with swollen backlogs; the small and medium sized independents couldn't get a look-in at contracts. Nevertheless, the big fellows were extremely hesitant over sub-contracting, unwilling to let the smaller firms have any part of the backlogs. It is worth remembering that while large steel companies were loaded up, while production stalled for lack of steel, there existed in the fall of 1940 a total idle melting and finishing capacity of 5,920,000 net tons of steel.

To top this off, the great corporations staged a sitdown strike against the defense program. Monopoly balked at "sacrifices." The financial editor of the New York *Sun* echoed what corporation heads were thinking, when in May 1940 he expressed his horror at the British 100 percent excess-profits tax, and thought it "difficult for many Americans to understand how the British can expect anyone to make the tremendous extra productive effort required by war without some stimulus other than the vague one that it is necessary to save the country." The *United States News* accused the Treasury Department of "a belief that patriotism rather than a desire for profits should motivate industry." The corporations were not given to such idealism. The aviation industry refused to accept defense orders until the excess-profits tax of 1940 was riddled so full of loopholes that it could be almost completely ignored. The plane manufacturers were again merely typical. Monopoly expected government to pay through the nose. Recent profit statements of the largest corporations indicated that their fondest expectations have not gone unfulfilled.

The conclusion Mr. Stone reaches in *Business As Usual* is that "Knudsenism must go." He points to the Murray Plan, backed by the



Woodcut H. Glintenkamp

CIO, as the type of practical solution that can be offered to eliminate bottlenecks, to clean out corruption and sabotage that are paralyzing defense efforts and thereby endangering the nation's security. To some degree, the President's appointment of the new priorities committee headed by Vice President Wallace holds promise of removing the monopolists from absolute control. Yet it is too soon to judge just how basic and thorough the actions of the new committee will be.

It is encouraging, however, that at long last the problem is being acknowledged. For all the wailings of the appeasers, a realistic estimate of America's resources and industrial plant dispels any fear that this country is incapable of producing more than sufficient material of all kinds to overwhelm the Nazis and to bring the war to a successful and relatively speedy conclusion. The question is therefore not *"Can* America produce?" but rather *"Will* America be allowed to produce, and how quickly?"

From everything the President has said recently, he is acutely aware of the need for drastic action to overcome the havoc wrought by monopoly. "The defense of America's freedom must take precedence over every private aim and every private interest," he told the nation on Labor Day, adding that "our effort is not yet enough and that unless we step up the total of our production . . . these enemies [those who would divide the nation from within] will take heart in pushing their attack in fields old and new."

THE PRESIDENT'S DETERMINATION is expressed by the shakeup in OPM. Edward Stettinius has been removed as head of the priorities division, and John D. Biggers was replaced as head of the production division. But in place of Biggers, William H. Harrison has been made production director—and Harrison is vice president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. Monopoly still controls the OPM. The shakeup is by no means complete, by no means as reassuring as could be desired. Moreover, Leo M. Cherne, executive secretary of the Research Institute of America, revealed that the OPM "is reliably understood to have compiled a secret list of more than forty industries, numbering thousands of firms, which will have to seriously retrench or possibly close their doors as a result of raw material starvation." This will result, Cherne predicted, in "priorities unemployment almost as drastic before the end of this year as the breadlines of 1933."

Little businessmen, medium-sized producers of essential war materials, still have a bleak outlook. Though it is heartening that the evil effects of monopoly greed and OPM failure are being acknowledged, the bottlenecks in defense production have by no means been removed. Moreover, to break through the barriers to all-out defense measures and the fullest assistance to the Allies, requires more than a slap on the OPM wrist; it demands the most ruthless action against profiteering, against special privileges to the monopolies, against big business dictatorship over industry.

For his part, Mr. Stone realizes the need for complete and unrelenting attack on those who are throwing sand in the defense machinery. Unfortunately, he is satisfied with very immediate—and therefore very limited—answers to his own expose. Toward the end of the book Mr. Stone seems suddenly abashed at the temerity of what he has written. Even so, his brief excursion into philosophical reflection about the "new" America he expects to emerge suddenly with the end of the war, does not affect the excellence or usefulness of *Business As Usual*. Far more important is Mr. Stone's realization that "you cannot fight an anti-fascist war under the leadership of men who do not hate fascists. You cannot take men who wear Hit-

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ler medals and create an anti-fascist general staff of them. The preferences of most dollar-a-year men were clear enough. They were more interested in weakening democracy at home than in resuscitating it abroad. They provoked strikes by paying low wages—and then called for bayonets to end them. They shut their eyes to shortages of raw materials at home while they shipped oil, copper, steel, and other war materials to our enemies."

The warning is ominous. There is no time to lose. The world is in balance, and the determination of the American people to throttle Hitlerism and everything it stands for is being thwarted by the men who have taken over the management of our defense program. They must be ousted—immediately. Mr. Stone's book is ammunition against them. It can be used to mobilize the country against the enemies within who would sell us, against our will, to the enemies abroad.

BRUCE MINTON.

Pavlov's Testimony

CONDITIONED REFLEXES AND PSYCHIATRY, *by I. P. Pavlov, translated and edited by W. Horsley Gantt. International Publishers. $4.*

THE present volume includes Pavlov's public writings from 1928 to his death in 1936. It is a continuation of his first book, *Lectures on Conditioned Reflexes* (International Publishers), which appeared in 1928. Together these volumes are unique, since they constitute the only complete collection of Pavlov's lectures on conditioned reflexes which has appeared in any language. And, parenthetically, we might thank Dr. Gantt for his devotion in compiling and translating both these works. He also contributed an excellent introduction which gives a concise exposition of Pavlov's concepts and methods of work, glimpses of the great scientist as a man and a teacher, and a short critical evaluation of his contribution to psychology.

The book contains papers of varying significance. Some are merely brief elementary summaries of Pavlov's basic ideals in relation to psychiatry; others are replies to some of his critics; while the longer papers deal with fundamental problems of the relation of brain physiology to mental activity. Pavlov was a materialist and always took a solid materialist position. His fundamental premise was that an understanding of the mental activity of human beings, as well as that of animals, may be approached through the study of the physiological activity of the brain.

The book is mainly concerned with the application of the results of experiments with the conditioned reflexes of animals to the field of psychiatry. Pavlov found that he could distinguish definite character types among his experimental animals. In certain of these, no manifestations of neurotic behavior appeared when they were confronted with difficult problems. In others, if the animal were placed in a situation involving conflict, certain disturbances of behavior became manifest, differing markedly from the normal pattern. In some cases analogies could be drawn between the types of behavior manifested by the dogs in the laboratory and various manifestations of neurotic behavior in human beings. Observing the reactions of his animals, Pavlov felt he could relate them to the neurotic symptoms in human beings.

In his experimental animals, Pavlov distinguished between two normal character types: excitation was predominant in one, inhibition in the other. Both of these types are stable and do not break down under strain. In addition, he distinguished two basic pathological character types: the over-excitatory and the over-inhibitory. These latter animals, when placed in a situation in which a conflict (or "collision") between excitation and inhibition took place, or when they were subjected to an excessively strong excitation, broke down and showed neurotic symptoms. Pavlov does not discuss further the hereditary factors, but accepts them as basic.

It is interesting to consider the relation of Pavlov's findings to those of the psychoanalysts who seem to stand at the opposite pole of psychological theory. One often hears the statement that the work of Pavlov and his school in conditioned reflexes and the work of Freud and his school in psychoanalysis are mutually exclusive, i.e., one must accept either the one or the other. No doubt there are definite points of conflict between the two, and it would be incorrect to minimize them. However, in certain ways the work of one school complements and supplements the other. It should first be stressed that I am referring, not to the dogmatic orthodox Freudian school but those groups of progressive psychoanalysts who have developed and expanded Freud's original work. Most of these progressive analysts recognize and accept the fact that the mere exposure of the past experiences of the individual does not solve the problem of the patient, but rather that psychoanalysis is a long process of reeducation (often called "reconditioning"—sic!) whereby the patient learns to respond differently to the stimuli of his environment. On the basis of clinical and experimental work, these analysts have revised many of the tenets of orthodox psychoanalysis and abandoned much of the unscientific basis. Speaking of hysteria, Pavlov states:

"Not only the threat of war but many other dangers for life (fire, railroad wrecks, etc.), the countless blows of fate as the loss of loved ones, disappointment in love and the other vicissitudes of life, economic reversals, and the devastation of one's beliefs and faith, etc., and in general hard living conditions: an unhappy marriage, the struggle with poverty, the destruction of the feeling of self-respect, etc., evokes at once or finally in the weak person the strongest reaction with various abnormalities in the form of somatic symptoms." [By "weak" Pavlov is here referring to the pathological character types mentioned above.]

Every progressive analyst could accept in principle this statement with regard to the factors which enter in the causation of a neurosis.

Pavlov began his psychiatric work late in life. It represents a brilliant but unfinished chapter in his work, which is steadily being carried forward in the Soviet Union. Unfortunately, too little of it is available to us here in America. But certainly there is much in this volume to stimulate the interest and activity of American psychiatrists and lead them to a clearer formulation of psychiatric principles. It should serve as a good antidote to the mass of reactionary speculation and fatalism which has passed for psychiatry in late years, and it will help progressive psychiatrists to formulate their own work on a solid materialist basis.

The publication of this book is not only an outstanding event in American psychiatry; it presents the testimony of a great scientist, one of the greatest physiologists of the present century, to the stimulus and inspiration of a socialist society. Pavlov for years received the unstinting support of the government of the Soviet Union, in spite of the fact that he at times voiced his antagonism to it. In his late years, however, Pavlov became an ardent supporter of that government. At the Fifteenth International Physiological Congress, held in Leningrad in 1935, he said:

"How exceptionally favorable is the position of science in my fatherland! I want to give only one example to illustrate the relations which arose in our country between the government and science. We, the leaders of scientific institutions, are really alarmed and uneasy over the question whether or not we are in a position to justify all those means which the government places at our disposal. As you know, I am an experimenter from head to foot. My whole life has consisted of experiments. *Our government is also an experimenter, only on an incomparably higher plane. I passionately desire to live in order to see the victorious completion of this historic social experiment.*" [Italics mine.]

DAVID COSGROVE.

Dubious Conclusions

FRANCE ON BERLIN TIME, *by Thomas Kernan. J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.75.*

IT IS all to the good that people like Mr. Kernan, who was the publisher of the French edition of *Vogue,* should be animated by dislike of German fascism. Your ardor for him cools, however, when you find that he has a distinct yen for *Italian* fascism and that he is quite captivated by the corporate state of Dr. Olivera Salazar, under whose rule the Portuguese people have starved since 1928.

Mr. Kernan is purposely neither fish nor fowl. He pretends to write an expose of the Nazi enslavement of France, but his book is marked by lack of forthrightness. At no point will he say what he is politically or what he wants. As his random sly cracks at the shortcomings of the Third Republic grow more frequent, the reader begins to recognize them

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as potshots at democracy. They are the stock in trade of the royalists and the most reactionary members of the Catholic hierarchy, who would willingly embrace fascism if it afforded them co-sovereignty over an "obedient" people.

Like the obstreperous French nobility, of whom he speaks so nostalgically, Mr. Kernan finds plenty of incompetence, immorality, careerism, and corruption in the bourgeois republic which was France. The premiers had mistresses and the ministers could be bought. But the author's radical sounding criticism serves only as the basis of his apologia for the Petain "eliteocracy" and a means of introducing fancy speculations on the restoration of the monarchy ("After all, the Capet family has waited ninety years").

Often it is hard to tell whether Mr. Kernan is talking of occurrences in occupied or Petain France. The confusion seems intentionally created, so that, if you are less impressed than Mr. Kernan by Petain's "social reforms," you may be led to think that they result from the German occupation.

The author devotes considerable space to the Nazis' seizure of economic control, their domination of all resources, and the forms of tribute levied by them upon the French nation. A factual, detailed study of these measures is needed, if for no other reason than to dispel misconceptions promoted by observers like Mr. Kernan. It must suffice here to say that nothing he reports justifies his assertion that the German methods of requisition, reparation collection, and control of business by stock transfers—or such steps as the Vichy law extending liability to all stockholders of a corporation—are leading the capitalist system "to the brink of a precipice." The new corporation liability law, for example, simply decrees further concentration in the hands of monopoly, because investors will not dare buy shares in small firms and run the risk of sharing the responsibility and costs of a bankruptcy.

As for the Nazi plundering of France, its most remarkable characteristic is the solicitude for the rights of property and the neat way in which all transfers of control over the means of production fall within the old system of capital relations, hardly violating by a jot or tittle the customary forms of monopoly appropriation and exploitation—in other words, legitimate thieving. Despite all Kernan's talk about the "socialist" influence of Nazism, it is plain that he has merely interpreted some new-appearing features of imperialism as signifying the disappearance of the old ones. Because the hydra has grown a new head, he thinks the hydra is dead. The offices of *Vogue* may be closed because the Germans have subsidized a rival fashion sheet, but the 200 families are still getting dividends, salaries, bonuses, and other emoluments for their services to Hitler and Petain. It is not French capital but the terribly suffering French people, the workers, farmers, intellectuals, and small businessmen, who are the victims of the "new order."

CHARLES HUMBOLDT.

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JAMMING THE JAM

The pressure has been put on jazz, and now it is used to sell breakfast food. The large networks keep the real stuff off the air.

DESPITE the neglect and abuses that attended its childhood, American jazz grew up a virile, independent force, with character and personality. Quite early in its life, composers like Milhaud and Stravinsky paid homage to America's gangling musical offspring, and not long afterward serious composers and critics here as well as abroad attempted to notate and analyze the wonders of this newest art form. But everyday America, to whom jazz had become as familiar and casually delightful as ice cream sodas, took the great to-do in its stride.

It was the "discovery" of swing (jazz well developed and slicked down) that made people aware of jazz's most widely celebrated progeny. Hardly a periodical in this country (except those devoted to westerns, mysteries, or trade news for the plumbing industry) failed to carry at least one article on the subject; and many publications came into being that carried only news and information on jazz. But the printed word was not adequate to deal with something that must be *heard* to be appreciated, and phonograph companies that had been recording in red ink since the invention of the super-heterodyne, went back into the black with a log of orders.

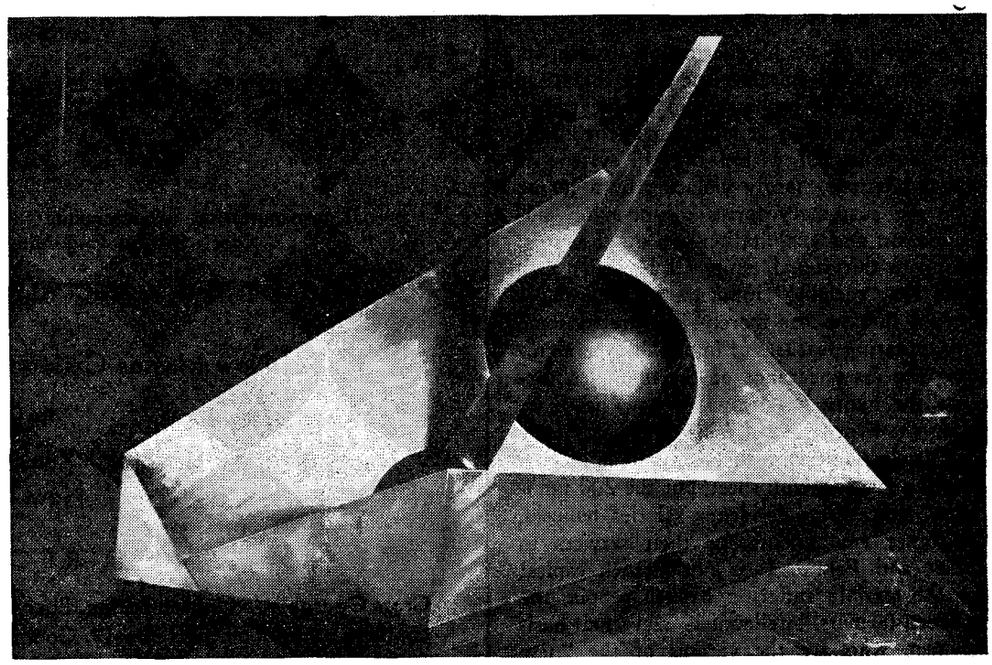
Independently owned radio stations saw an opportunity to compete musically with the mighty chains and they seized it. Dipping into an inexhaustible supply of recorded jazz, they came up with Armstrong's, Bessie Smith's, Ellington's, Goodman's, and what-have-you's to hold their listeners until they could be slipped the commercial. At first the recordings were chosen with care, but soon enough the station operators made it clear they were interested in selling merchandise, not disseminating culture. Following a pattern evolved at New York's WNEW, minor radio stations all over the country broke out with a rash of "Make Believe Ballrooms" (a formula for mixing platters with sales chatter); and since the New York station still serves as a model for its country cousins, let us examine what has happened to the original.

For a long time WNEW's "Make Believe Ballroom" was a letter from home for jazzophiles. And though the program featured only the newest recordings, it featured the best; particularly on Saturdays, when for two solid hours recordings by the finest Negro bands were spun off under the questionable title of "Saturday Night in Harlem." These nightly two-hour sessions attracted such a large following that the "Ballroom's" manager, Martin Block, moved into the large money class when advertisers took over the program. With a contract worth $40,000 a year, Mr. Block became less concerned with pleasing his listeners than with catering to his sponsors; and when they decided that jazz doesn't sell beauty lotions and canned goods, Mr. B. got rid of jazz. Now his audience is lulled into nonresistance by the dulcet strains of Guy Lombardo and Sammy Kaye and only the lushest ballads of Glen Miller and Jimmy Dorsey.

So much for the "minors"; but what are the "majors," the networks, doing about jazz? The attitude of the Mutual Broadcasting System (WOR) can be characterized in a phrase: it just doesn't bother about jazz. The Columbia Broadcasting System did bother for a while, with gratifying results. It allowed its studio musicians at WABC to let their long hair down and cut some musical floy-floy on the morning and afternoon sustainers. It went the whole hog when it set out to prove that Saturday evening air time was commercially desirable. Two producers, two writers, and the best musicians on the payroll whipped together "Saturday Night Swing," which turned out to be the hottest air show ever put on. Announcer Paul Stewart gave out with the jive talk and paced a program that brought from the studio shadows the Raymond Scott Quintet, Johnny Williams' beat-up drum sticks, Bunny Berigan's super trumpeting, a kid from the press department who blew incredible jazz figures through a ten-cent tin whistle. The program guest starred top jazzmen. Benny Carter, Roy Eldridge, Fats Waller, Jack Teagarden—the list is endless—came, conquered, and stayed to dish out some jam sessions. "Saturday Night Swing" proved that people do listen to the radio on Saturday evening and CBS promptly sold all the air time available—eventually selling the time of the swing session itself.

Last winter the same station built the mellow "Flow Gently Sweet Rhythm" around Maxine Sullivan and husband John Kirby's band. When Mr. and Mrs. Kirby parted, socially and professionally, John and his boys were kept on with Canada Lee featured as the voice of the band. The band (not the show) was successfully sold to a sponsor and brought to an end CBS' experiments with jazz.

NBC, which only recently took jazz to its bosom, blossomed out with the "Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street," and found to its surprise that the public enjoys listening to jazz. Not that much of it is heard on the program, despite its dedication to "the three B's—barrelhouse, boogie-woogie, and the blues." It is a highly mannered production which leans heavily on its teddibly amusing musical commentators, *Dr. Gino* Hamilton and *Dr. Giacomo* McCarthy, who hand out nonsense about *Dr.* Henry Levine's "no doubt Dixieland Jazz Band," whose "reading" of "Jazz Me Blues" is marked "tempi di slow drag." The music itself isn't bad. Paul Laval's Woodwind Ten play clever modern arrangements in a rhythmic chamber music style (the selections



Courtesy of N. Y. C. W.P.A. Art Project — Ernest Gutman

Model for a Monument to Thomas Jefferson

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are apt to be nursery jingles or light classical pieces), and the effect is entertaining. Henry Levine's group pumps out robust oldtimers adhering closely to the old Dixieland Band line.

Encouraged by the program's success (it landed Levine in *Who's Who,* no kidding), NBC has fashioned another show, with a more appropriate setting, around Levine's group. Known as "Strictly From Dixie" (WEAF), it has as vocalist the lovely Negro songstress, Helena Horne, and an actress called 'Lizbeth, who drawls lines penned by Paul Phillips, author of "Flow Gently Sweet Rhythm." Just how far he or anyone else can go at NBC under the company's present setup is debatable. *All* musicians employed by the studio operate under schedules fixed by the music department and play on whatever programs the department decides. For example, six of the eight men in Levine's band also perform as part of Laval's Woodwind Ten; and Levine himself plays trumpet with the symphony orchestra under Toscanini, the large dance orchestras under Laval and Frank Black, the brass band under Victor Arden—besides blowing fanfares for script shows.

This policy was relaxed a bit last April, when the company brought in the veteran jazz clarinetist Jimmy Lytell with twelve men of his own choosing and gave them eight programs a week on which they were free to play jazz as they knew it. As a result the musicians have managed to keep out of the house-band groove, and, featuring such solid players as Jerry Jerome, Carmen Mastren, Hank Ross, and Al Philburn, they've been breaking things up over at NBC studios. If you hurry, you can still tune them in swinging out on "Go Down Moses," "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," and "Yes Indeed." I say "hurry" because October is the opening of NBC's symphony season and Lytell's band has already received its notice. After all, NBC can't support *two* non-commercial projects.

WNYC, New York City's municipally owned station, has for two years been striking a daily blow for the cause with its "Metropolitan Review." Dedicated to "the finest in recorded hot jazz," the program is a genuine effort to effect a more intimate relationship between its listeners and the *enfant terrible* of American culture. It has as guide and authority Ralph Berton, who identifies the discs, personnel, date of recording, and sprinkles generous program notes in a very personal style. The program presents out-of-print classics by legendary heroes as well as lesser known imprints by obscure folk artists. It presents, in the flesh, jazzmen who reminisce about glorious recording dates of the past and reaffirm their admiration for those who went before them. The program presents everything, in fact, but evidence that jazz is a vibrant, living thing.

Unfortunately Mr. Berton's zeal does not compensate for his lack of taste, judgment, and understanding of the very subject he embraces so passionately. Equally unfortunate is the patronizing tone he assumes toward his listeners—mostly youngsters of high-school and college age. He rants incessantly against "commercial jazz" without successfully establishing what commercial jazz is, or even what it isn't. He ignores jazz that's been arranged, or played by a large band, or recorded later than 1933; unless the recording is one of Duke Ellington's—and Mr. Berton's appreciation of Ellington is very recent.

However, the program rates your attention, if only to catch the many fine, seldom heard back numbers. The station could cooperate by moving the show up from the noonday spot it now fills, assigning the production to a qualified musicologist, and demanding from its commentator a prepared, informative script.

I have excluded from consideration commercially sponsored shows, not because there aren't jazz bands on such programs, but because the bands are seldom free to play jazz. Benny Goodman's and Bob Crosby's bands are cases in point. Bogged down in agency red tape, scripts, comedians, and commercial "messages," the boys do not emerge in a condition that makes for jazz. When they do, they are advised to make it a guaranteed killerdiller; i.e., too fast and too loud.

No, jazz is heard to advantage only when it is no less free of restrictions than is other music. A decade ago WOR (before it became another link in a "chain") devoted three hours a week to Willard Robison and his "Deep River Music." Here was music that was American, serious, jazz, a decade ahead of its time—but it won and held listeners who kept it on the air for a few years running. Then NBC raided WOR and put the show on its own network.

From that moment the "Deep River Music" was doomed. Where WOR had been content to maintain the program on a sustaining basis in the public's interest, NBC handled it as an article for sale and the pressure was on. "Deep River Music" flowed out to the sea when a sponsor failed to appear, but enough of a delta was formed to serve as a source for programs to come. The program's format was borrowed for "Flow Gently Sweet Rhythm" and "Strictly From Dixie"; its instrumentation was adopted by Paul Laval for his Woodwind Ten; its Blues-colored, sub-toned orchestrations became the semi-standard backgrounds for such singers as Mildred Bailey, Maxine Sullivan, and Helena Horne. WOR's sympathy and efforts were not in vain: Willard Robison languishes forgotten and impoverished, but his "Deep River Music" left its mark. What future, even greater milestones might be posted if the networks, with their unlimited resources, lent themselves to the encouragement and development of jazz.

ELLIOTT GRENNARD.

★

WHEN Benny Goodman decided to scrap his old band and rebuild from the bottom up, there was general approval. The trouble had always been obvious enough: the band simply failed to produce as much music as his sextet, or even his quartet. And for a simple reason: Goodman's band was a *duet,*

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with his clarinet as one voice and the rest of the orchestra the other.

The diligent Benny dug and dug, and he's finally struck pay-dirt. Listen to "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" (Columbia, 36284) and see what I'm talking about. The full instrumentation of the band is now being employed, with overtime. Listen to the clarinet's strident wail finding its echo in the other reeds; the brass punching out rhythmic figures in an exciting blend; the things going on behind Helen Forrest's vocal chorus.

ON THE SWEET SIDE, we have recordings of two organizations tabbed in the trade as the "coming" bands. One of them, Charlie Spivak's, offers nothing that will make you feel it hasn't been around a long time. By that I mean that Spivak's brand of music is no better or worse than that of dozens of other bands, and not even any different. To convince yourself, try "If It's True" and "Don't Take Your Love From Me" (Okeh, 6321).

THE OTHER RECORDINGS, of Claude Thornhill's music, are definitely worth digging. Thornhill is an alumnus of Hal Kemp's and Ray Noble's orchestras, but he is more noteworthy as the discoverer of Maxine Sullivan. It was his piano playing that provided background for her earliest (and best) recordings, and the musical ideas he engendered for those recordings, with the musicians he employed for their execution, were the foundation for the present John Kirby band. Now Thornhill steps forward with a band full of surprises and paradoxes. It sports at one time a beat both relaxed and alive; at another, a beat so relaxed it virtually slumbers. It offers some arrangements that are indisputably "Thornhill," and others indistinguishable from the band at the nearest grill.

When the music is "Thornhill," it is lovely stuff. His piano style is delicate, tasteful, and perplexing. It reminds you of the pianist W. C. Handy describes, who worked out a system that would carry him through grueling six-and-seven-hour stretches—he simply used one hand at a time. Thornhill is obviously not motivated by that consideration; rather it is a characteristic of his band style, an economical (or extravagant, if you prefer) use of orchestral *voices*. His seven clarinets frequently play unison melody, producing a gorgeous, full-bodied tone. His five brass players are used sparingly to accent rhythms and bring off a finely shaded crescendo.

Thornhill's choice of numbers is the joker in determining his final place in jazz. At present he seems partial to such items as "O Solo Mia," "Traumerei," Brahms' "Hungarian Dance No. 5"; and this can only lead to a dead end. No matter how that stuff is sliced, it still remains "jazzing the classics." Anyway, listen to "Sleepy Serenade" (Okeh, 6178), "Hungarian Dance" (Okeh, 6168), and "Where or When" (Columbia, 36268). I've been very decent in not mentioning his vocalist.

E. G.

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Tribute to Josh White

W. C. Handy and others honor the young Negro singer.

THE other night in Harlem they gave a party for Joshua White. White is a young Negro blues singer in his twenties, and the party was given by a group of his friends, so that anyone hearing of it casually might have expected a dozen or two dozen people to be there. About midnight, by the time the evening began to warm up, there were several hundred and more crowding in every minute. There were Ted Ward and Earl Robinson, Dr. Sterling Brown of Howard University and Lee Hays, Teddy Wilson and his wife, Frank Griffin, the Four Bonbons, and countless others. Burl Ives, the fine and moving young folk singer, was there: a radio contract kept him from singing, but he stood all through the evening watching Josh and the others perform, his eyes shining with pride in his friend. W. C. Handy, the old Father of the Blues and the daddy of them all, drove in from Chicago rather than miss the party. It was an inspiring testimonial to the love and respect which are felt by workers in all fields for a fine and honest artist.

White had just recorded a new album of blues, not the sad and lonely blues of the twenties, but the bitter, angry blues of 1941: an album of Jim Crow blues called "Southern Exposure." They have the old traditional melodies: anonymous laments like "Woke Up This Morning," Handy's famous "Careless Love," a catchy blue holler of Huddie Leadbelly's and the rest. But Waring Cuney has written new lyrics for them, has taken the old nostalgic blues and given them a hard, bright core of social protest; about hard times and bad housing and Jim Crow in the army and all the vicious, petty discriminations in Negro life.

The hundreds of people had come to show their appreciation of Josh's new blues and to hear him sing and play them as no one else quite could. And Josh did. He had just come back from Mexico, and he was tired and so sick he could hardly finger his guitar, but he stood for more than an hour responding to shouts for one song after another.

When the entertainment was over and they finally let Josh sit down, W. C. Handy got up to make a little speech. He was proud of White, proud of everyone there, and thrilled that the great unbroken line of Negro blues was being carried on by the youngsters, but he felt something ought to be added. Josh's songs had emphasized bitterness and resentment, Handy said, which were certainly necessary, but there was another side just as important. There was pride and joy in the Negro's contribution to American democracy that no Jim Crow could destroy. The evening ended on that note: the great old man of Negro music come to honor a great young man, singing of the heroism and sacrifice of their people. It was the proper ending for an evening that had symbolized unity: unity of Negro and white,

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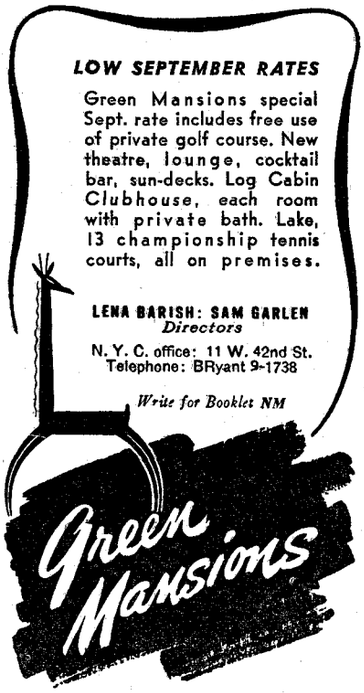
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BEN WILKES.

Old Stuff

Another murder mystery—and a suggestion about labor-baiting movies.

"WHISTLING IN THE DARK" is an old stage mystery-farce decked out by MGM for the screen, with a brand new star —Red Skelton—two good-looking girls—Ann Rutherford and Virginia Grey—and the reliable Conrad Veidt as a double-dyed villain who operates behind the bland mask of a "metaphysical" cult of the spirit.

For a moment, when Mr. Veidt was urging his middle-aged wealthy dupes to "depart in radiant content," it looked as though we were going to have a pretty sharp satire on the Buchmanite and mysticism rackets, but that stopped soon enough. Then the film went into its murder mystery aspect, replete with folding doors, mummies in closets, swinging overhead knives, and girlish screaming.

The alliterative Mr. S. Sylvan Simon, who directed, did a better than ordinary job of maintaining suspense; the gag writers dug up some gags that were not *too* corny, and the idea men must have wracked their collective brains contriving new, ingenious angles. Some of them came off. Mr. Red Skelton could be very funny if he wouldn't mug more than once every three feet of film. Conrad Veidt, who has held a warm spot in most hearts since *The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari,* deserves better than he gets in this film.

SUGGESTION: The current Paramount newsreel, with a long sequence on the recently settled Detroit transit tie-up, continues its well known tradition of labor-hating innuendo. There is a shot of the Hudson automobile plant closed down. The newsreel voice tells you that the transit strike tied up defense industry, and points to the Hudson plant as an example. They do not tell you that Hudson was closed down only twenty-four hours, and that there was no tie-up of defense work in Detroit whatsoever.

Moviegoers are in a position to do something about labor-baiting movies and newsreels. It's axiomatic that producers—like any manufacturer—are very sensitive in the pocketbook. Short of organized boycotts against particularly vicious films, the individual moviegoer can make his objections felt. He can:

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ALVAH BESSIE.

★ ★ ★ ★

The Case of

THE PEOPLE

vs.

THE PINS

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THERE ARE two kinds of military analysts who write for newspapers today. There are the "pin-stickers" who, from the depth of their armchairs, push pins into a map, dust off their classical volumes dealing with military strategy, and draw glib conclusions which they bolster with rumors.

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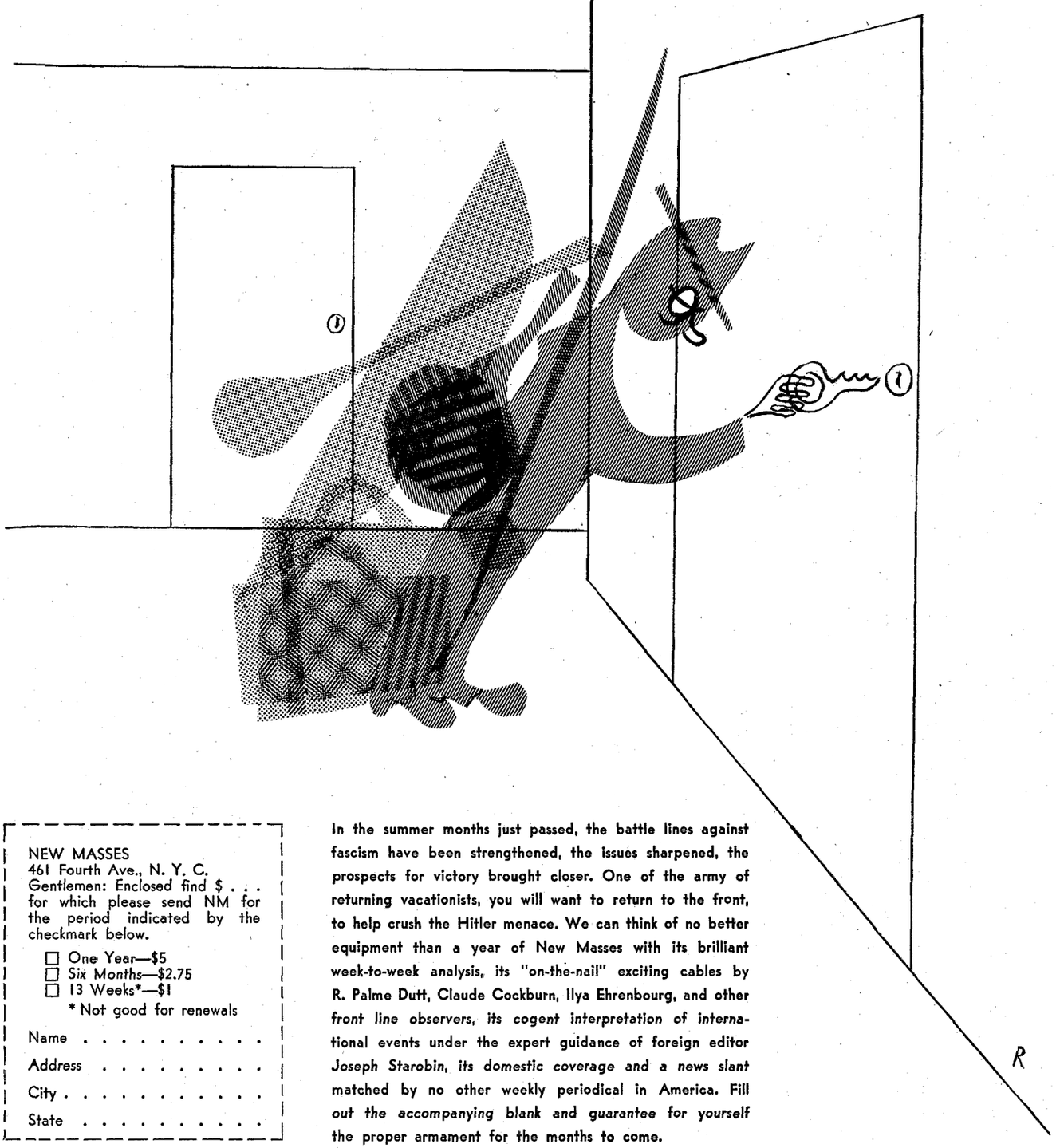

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